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My Friendship with Prince Hohenlohe

By

Baroness von Hedemann

Alexandrine von Hedemann

Illustrated

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Childhood and Youth of the Baroness A. von Hedemann

I

Childhood and Youth of the Baroness A. Von Hedemann

Do you know the Cossacks of the Don? My father is of their race—his name betrays him. In the sixteenth century they established up there by the Black Sea a kind of republic, whose head was called "Hetmann." Mazeppa, the much-sung Mazeppa, hero of a score of legends, was one of them; and his blood, his "spirit of the steppes," still throbs in the generations of the Hetmanns—the Hedemanns. Often even now, in these far-distant days of his dying race, there leaps forth in a member of the clan some wild, fantastic trait, some dæmonic passion, some of the old longing for the Infinite.

I, too, when I review my life, seem to myself

such a creature of the steppes, riding on a foam-beflecked horse, my hair a-stream, into the Land of Romance.

My mother's family does not seem so akin to me, though in it also there is adventure and romance. My grandmother, when a young girl, took the veil, and was carried off from the cloister by her lover. She climbed the wall of the garden, and threw herself down to him, who was awaiting her on horseback.

My parents' marriage, on the other hand, began in a more dignified, orderly, Philistine manner. My father, Baron von Hedemann, a stately, slender man with a blonde beard and blue eyes, was a Commissioner of Woods, lived in Silesia, and was the youngest of four brothers and sisters. At the age of twenty-one, Destiny willed that at the funeral of the General Albert von Stephany, he should be one of the "Salute-of-Honour" party at the grave.

On that spot he made the acquaintance of the fifteen-year-old daughter of the General—

my mother—whom he soon afterwards married. The first years of their union were very happy, but this happiness was too soon disturbed, for a sad fate hung over my family—of four children, three died a mournful death. My eldest sister had married the Count B.; she died on the wedding-tour, and is buried in Vienna; after two years the Count married my other sister, who took her own life in a violent attack of fever. My brother lived for a long time in America, and there shot himself. And I . . .

Truly I began my life in the most singularly horrible circumstances. As the result of a fright—or so I remember the hearsay of my childhood—my mother became insane; she gave birth to me in a madhouse; and I never knew her until I was sixteen years old, and my father had long been divorced from her.

Soon after his divorce my father married again, and as my presence was inconvenient to the bridal couple, I was taken to Augsburg to my uncle Schätzler. He was a rich man, and

had no children of his own; he and his wife were kind guardians of my youth. But only too soon I lost my good foster-mother. To finish my education I was sent to Gnadenfrei, to the Herrenhut Institute. Laughter, sunshine, and merry pranks filled the years there —they are a sweet memory to me. And yet to that time belongs the event which turned my life into a tragedy, which determined my whole future, which was so all-abiding in its effects—though it was my first romance, my first love; and of first loves it is said that they come and go like shadow-plays!

On alternate Sundays the families of von Prittwitz and von Seidlitz, who were known to one another, were wont to invite me to drink coffee with them. One of these afternoons, when I was at the von Prittwitz house, a young man arrived, tall, fair, with expressive blue eyes; and from the first moment my girlish heart was stirred. . . . It was a *coup de foudre!* My eyes followed him spellbound, and though we spoke little with one another,

our hearts had met. He was Herr von Scheffer, at that time horse-trainer to the Duke of Mecklenburg; and from the hour of this first meeting he left no stone unturned to see me again. We were often together at the von Prittwitz abode, and when we schoolgirls took our customary walk to the churchyard, some happy chance always caused *him* to be strolling in the shady linden avenue. A look, a hand-clasp, some words in passing—and our young hearts overflowed with bliss. We walked on air. . . .

Soon afterwards he asked my father for my hand. My father came over to Gnadenfrei and gave his consent to a betrothal, which was already irrevocable before he had thus kindly looked upon it. And yet it was foredoomed that we should be parted. Scheffer was, if not poor, yet of narrow means, and as my father's financial affairs soon fell on evil days, we were forced to resign ourselves to separation.

I, at seventeen, with the world smiling

before me, was too young to suffer very deeply, though the image of my handsome young lover haunted me for many a day. Soon I left the Institute with the testimonial: "She is her own testimonial"; and returned to my father's house, full of trust in the future.

But there began for me a troubled period. I found an unkind stepmother at home, and many new brothers and sisters to whom I was expected to be a kind of governess. Housework, sewing, and lessons were exacted of me by my stepmother, but in my burning soul dwelt the Hedemann temperament of the steppes. To roam through forest and plain, through field and pasture, to ride my horse like the wind, to go shooting or hunting with my father, was more in my element than sitting at my seam. This dreary existence with my unsympathetic stepmother and her children was happily interrupted by an invitation from my uncle, General von Hedemann, who lived with my great-uncle and godfather,

Alexander von Humboldt, at the castle of Tegel near Berlin. I entered a world of luxury, companionship, and culture, and there, for the first time, were my temperament, my longing for a stately way of life, and my thirst for knowledge, all satisfied at once.

I left Tegel with my heart full of delightful memories, and soon went on a visit to my uncle Schätzler at Augsburg. For a long time I had silently yearned to see again the place where I had spent my childhood. All was unchanged: the same old coachman drove me from the station; the nurse who had brought me up received me with joyful tears, my foster-father and my cousin Adèle could not take their eyes off me, and overwhelmed me with caresses. When the season of balls began, we young girls lived in an uninterrupted whirl of amusements. After one of these balls my uncle appeared triumphantly with the intelligence that he had two suitors for Adèle's hand—namely, the banker Erzberger, and the Baron H. The Baron now became our fre-

quent guest and the companion of our walks, and before the season ended, he . . . begged for *my* hand. I was to give him my answer at our next ball. But the poor fellow, riding by our carriage, was thrown from his horse and broke his leg, so that he could not attend on the fateful evening. I had scarcely known how I should answer him. My heart had not spoken. . . . But a strange thing happened: at that ball the banker Erzberger, too, asked for my hand. . . .

I examined my heart; but in it dwelt the man who had first awakened it—young Scheffer. Perplexed, frightened by the sudden demand for a decision, I went back to my father. *He*, weighing the noble birth of the Baron against the wealth of the banker, hesitated; then Erzberger himself appeared upon the scene, and wooed me with such love and devotion that my father gladly decided in his favour, little as the noble could rejoice in the bourgeois son-in-law. I cried, raved, said "No" to-day, and "Yes" to-morrow—my

youthful passion still possessed my heart. But at last I scolded myself out of romantic nonsense, looked at life as it was, weighed calmly all the prospects before me, and ended by saying: "Yes."

The wedding was fixed for July 25. As I stepped into the church, a thorn ran into my foot and made it bleed. "A bad omen!" thought I; and truly, in this union with a man twenty-four years older than myself, more thorns than roses were to grow in my path. There was a whole abyss of difference between our two natures. Even the birth of my first son altered nothing in my inward life, happy as I was to be a mother and utterly as I devoted myself to the child, who was like a ray of light amid my gloomy days. Two more children followed in quick succession; but still my inward life was empty. Then came the tempest into my soul—tearing down the old, making place for the new. It lifted me on its pinions, and bore me away—into the real life.

Fate willed it that Scheffer, my first love, should again enter the tranquil orbit of my existence. He was sent as *Oberleutnant* to Augsburg. Thus did higher powers bring us together; and what had long been destined came to pass.

In the small provincial town people soon began to whisper about our relation to one another; it even came to an "explanation" between Scheffer and his commanding officer, General Hohenhausen, who required from him a promise to break with me. My husband was naturally the last to hear the gossip, and even then, despite the proofs against me, he would have taken no steps towards divorce if he had not been as weak as he was magnanimous. But, influenced by his relatives, who pursued me with relentless hatred, he instituted proceedings.

I was declared guilty, and was, of course, obliged to leave Augsburg. I went to Munich, where Scheffer's family were desirous to receive me; but I preferred, with the protec-

tion promised me, to take up my existence under another roof.

My husband's family were not, however, satisfied with having disgraced me. After the divorce, they contrived to induce the lawyer who in the proceedings had advocated *my* interests alone, to compose a pamphlet against me and Scheffer, for which they paid him £750. The aim of this production, which was a mass of infamous calumnies, was utterly to annihilate me, to close all doors against me. But it failed in that aim. Precisely this persecution by my connections it was which led me back to happiness and to my former position in society. I came—thanks to the pamphlet—to know the man who saved me from moral and material ruin, and to whom for more than thirty years, and up to the day of his death, I was a faithful and devoted friend and confidant.

This was the Prince Chlodwig (Clovis) zu Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst, with whom I henceforth came into intimate relation. The world

—the great world, I mean—has till now known next to nothing of our friendship, although our intimacy was never any secret to a small circle, or to the Prince's family.

Now, when so many, many years have passed by, when my life has lost all resemblance to a tossing stream, or to the foam-flecked steed of Mazeppa, I can survey calmly those bygone joys and sorrows. I have strength, at this distance, to speak of them. . . .

The pamphlet I have alluded to was not only circulated in society by my kind connections, but for certain reasons reached the cabinets of the Imperial Council and the Embassies, and in this way came under the Prince's notice.

Prince Clovis zu Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst

(*a*) Love

II

Prince Clovis zu Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst

(*a*) LOVE

"Whenever I am long parted from you, I miss you, as one misses the flowers in autumn, the sun and the warm, inspiring airs of spring. I droop, and grow bitter and sullen."

(From a letter of the Prince von Hohenlohe to the Baroness von Hedemann, October 29, 1873.)

"TELL me, my dear fellow, what about this Frau Erzberger, of whose beauty the whole town is talking, and who is so shamefully persecuted by enmity and calumny?"

It was Prince Clovis von Hohenlohe who thus spoke to Friedrich von Bodenstedt, during a visit to the poet's house.

"Will your Highness step out on my balcony?" said Bodenstedt. "Up in the window of the house opposite stands the loveliest woman in Munich, with her brown hair that

must reach to her ankles, and her wonderful forget-me-not eyes."

The Prince looked silently across, and became very grave.

"Do you know the lady, my dear Bodenstedt?"

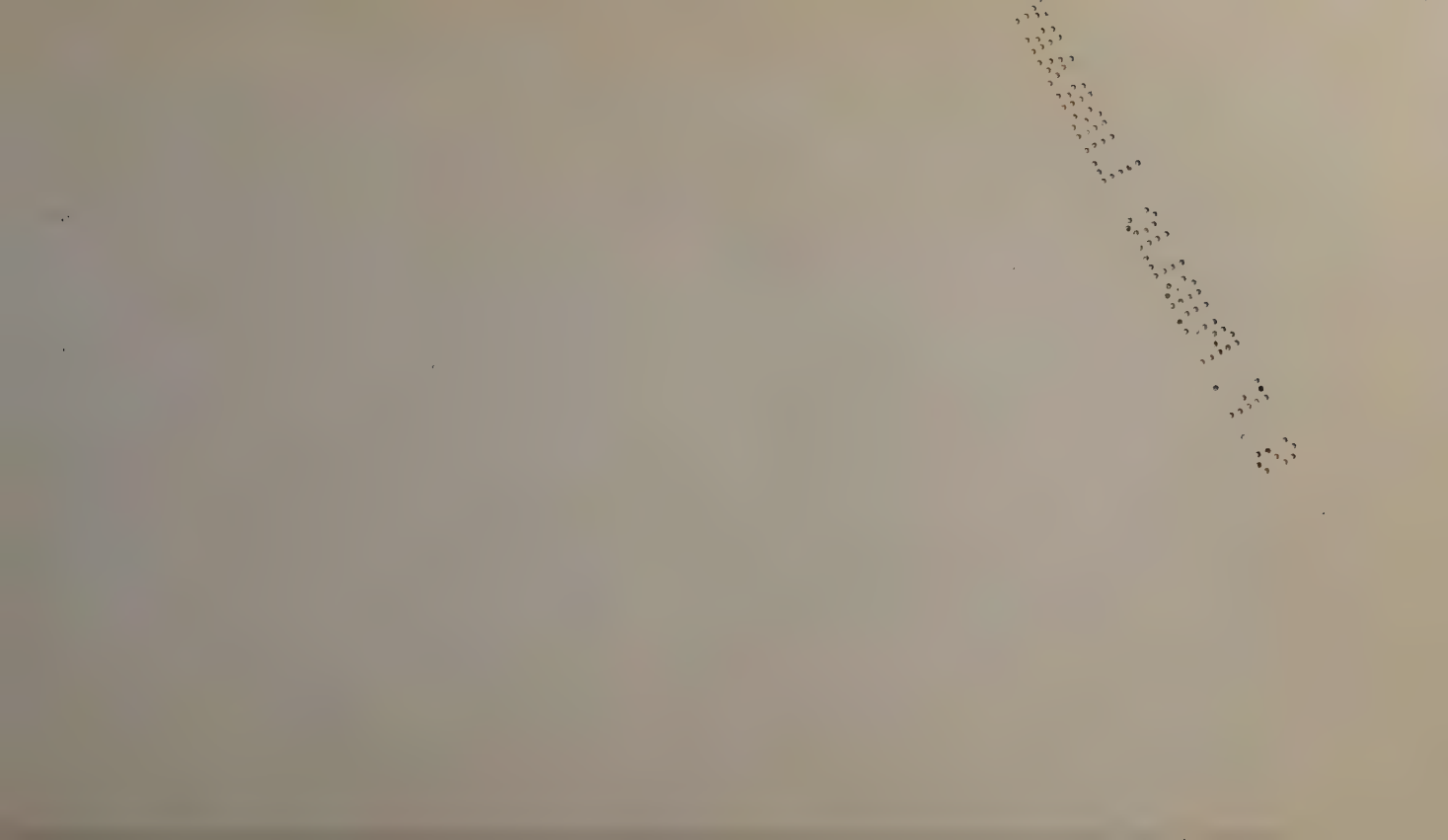
"I have made her acquaintance, Highness, and I have found a beautiful soul in the fairest of bodies. Her life is a romance. But I hardly know whether to you——"

"Yes, yes!" cried the Prince impatiently. "Tell me!"

"She was born Baroness von Hedemann, and is the niece of a relative of Alexander von Humboldt, with whom she stayed for a long time at Tegel. That sphere of luxury and culture exactly suited her temperament and her inquiring mind. She has often told me of the walks in the Castle Park, when Alexander von Humboldt would suddenly break off in some profound speculation, catch her by her hanging plaits, and say, 'What damage these twin serpents will do some day!'

BARONESS VON HEDEMANN IN HER YOUTH

From a photograph



"Now, Highness, imagine a richly talented and passionate nature transplanted by a *mariage de convenance* with a much older man into absolutely Philistine surroundings. An utterly commonplace mother-in-law, ugly, envious sisters-in-law, interminable conversations about pickled cucumbers and jam—all combine to drive this young creature to despair. The husband, of kind but feeble character, had neither any understanding of his gifted wife nor the strength of mind to protect her against his family. Even on the wedding journey to Switzerland, the abyss that lay between the two natures was perceptible. For *he*, though a good and loving husband, showed no comprehension of his young wife's ideas or likings, and in the very earliest weeks of their life together she had already withdrawn into her former world of fancies, to him unknown.

"The estrangement between them widened when they returned to Augsburg, and had at first to live upon her mother-in-law's estate.

Outwardly, the monotonous provincial vegetation; inwardly, the secret yearning for a life full of difficulties and dangers . . . such was her existence in her gilded cage. Then there suddenly appeared the Fairy Prince, a young officer whom she had known and loved in her schoolgirl days. The rest your Highness can easily imagine: passionate love, scandal and divorce!"

In my modest abode at 15 Karlstrasse, I was living miserably with the child which Scheffer's love had given me. For days at a time I ate nothing but bread and coffee; little did I dream that my life was being observed with compassionate sympathy from a house opposite. I was no longer living with Scheffer. Not that our love had waned—ah no! Our beautiful boy Hermann had but strengthened our mutual attachment, and we had striven with all our might for a legal union. Alas! there was no happy issue for our plans, for we were confronted by countless hindrances, and above all by the inflexible severity of the

Church. According to *her* morality, we might by no means marry, and all steps taken by Scheffer—even his attempt to force the Dean's consent at the pistol's mouth—were entirely fruitless.

One day—how amazed I was—a messenger brought me a bouquet. With the next morning arrived a similar floral greeting—and so for many days, always anonymous and mysterious, until at last I found, in the heart of a lily, a note with the humble petition of an admirer to be permitted to make my acquaintance.

Half-curious, half-indignant, I knew not what to answer, and kept silence. But while I was still puzzling over this mystery and my best way of encountering it, there came a ring at the door. A gentleman entered. I felt at once that it was my unknown flower-giver. I saw before me a man not tall, but very pleasant to see, with an attractive face, wonderful eyes, and a noble bearing. I was captivated by the soft sweet tone of his voice.

"Gracious lady, forgive my intrusion. I

am the Count L., and have been impelled to write to you. I have heard so much about you that the overpowering desire to make your acquaintance has silenced my reasoning faculty. But if my presence is displeasing to you I am ready to withdraw."

He did not withdraw; and he came again.

He became my frequent guest; whenever his occupations permitted, we spent whole evenings in delightful conversation at my small abode in the Karlstrasse. Ah, if the walls of that long-ago, cosy little room could speak! They would tell the world of a charming talker who could enhance each favourite theme, and who, by his spell, drew forth the confidences of a chastened and persecuted woman. Almost unconsciously, I gradually told him of my whole girlhood and wifehood. I described to him the childish years at my Uncle Schätzler's, the sweet, happy days that I lived through there. I told him of my school life; I broke off when my love for Scheffer began. It was painful to me to confide my passion to

this man, but he urged me on. "I will and must know all about you"—and so I continued my tale.

"Ah, you can scarcely imagine my growing despair when, despite my husband's goodness and his love for me, I found so little understanding of my spiritual and mental needs. A chance meeting with Oberleutnant Scheffer, to whom I had once been engaged, awakened me from the state of apathy in which I had been living for years, and I entered upon a new road of unrest, torment and bliss. Scheffer was received everywhere in Augsburg society, and came to call on us.

"My peace was over. I felt my first deep love kindle into new ardour, but I was honest enough to confess this feeling to my husband —for, to my distress, he had begged Scheffer to repeat his visit. My husband, however, appeared neither to understand nor to be troubled by my struggle. The pleasant young officer was extremely sympathetic to him, and he frequently invited him to dine or play cards.

"Our mutual passion increased with every day, yet we hardly knew one happy or untroubled hour. There were moments when, after the intoxication of love, a reaction came to me, when I was tortured by pangs of conscience and could think of nothing but the kindness of my husband, whose one innocent crime was—not to be suited to my nature.

"In such moments of remorse I would fling myself sobbing on a sofa, and fervently pray God to set me free from my consuming passion. A thousand times I resolved to break off; but as soon as Scheffer appeared in his beauty and his youth, as soon as his arms went round me, my good resolutions were forgotten, and the spell of love possessed me with its wild electric magic.

"Let us leave the ensuing sad events in the slumber of the past," I begged my friend, Count L., in a quivering voice. "The parting from my husband, from my dearly-loved children, was heart-rending, and has left a never-ealing wound.

PRINCE CHLODWIG (CLOVIS) OF HOHENLOHE-SCHILLINGSFÜRST

A portrait of the Munich period

Annual Report

"Drearily did my lonely days go by as, alone in my little abode at Munich, I looked the desperate truth in the face. At this very time my father, who lived in Silesia, fell ill, and I was summoned to his deathbed. With tears he begged my forgiveness for having thrust me into a loveless union, but at the same moment he exacted from me a promise to break with Scheffer, since our marriage was plainly impossible.

"Since then, I have never seen Scheffer again.

"Poverty and grief would assuredly have killed me if my kind friend and cousin, Ida Hahn-Hahn, had not lovingly espoused my cause. She wished to rouse me from my despair, and proposed that I should accompany her on her intended trip to the East. I caught at this distraction as a drowning man catches at a straw, entrusted my child to the care of Scheffer's parents, and we set off together for Jaffa, Jerusalem, Nazareth, Mount Carmel. . . . The sight of all these

holy places made no impression on me from the religious point of view, but their historic and picturesque sides enchanted me. This glorious life lasted for some months. My grief, my torment, was almost lulled to sleep, until one day it awoke again in Munich. . . . Then *you* came, Count, and declared yourself my 'true friend.'"

And my "true friend" brought many a cheerful hour into my lonely life. He became the focus of all my thoughts. In spite of his frequent journeys, in the midst of his busy life he found leisure to think of my amusement, of my reading.

"At last," says his first letter, "at last I have a free evening to look forward to! Unless you arrange otherwise, I shall come to-day as early as possible, perhaps about seven. In the meantime, I send the promised novel, and hope you won't cry too much over it."

"I am an indulgent father-confessor," he said one evening, as we sat together at the tea-

table. "Tell me—is it true that, a short time ago, you applied to King Ludwig to save you from your distressed condition?"

At this reminiscence my eyes filled with tears. "Yes, I, proud woman as I am, was obliged to beg for a loan, and from the King himself! When, after the divorce, I came for the first time to Munich, I met King Ludwig in the Arcade. Whether it was I myself, or my chestnut plaits, I know not, but the King looked round after me and smiled good-naturedly. After that I often saw him go by my window, and if he happened to look up, the same smile would play about his mouth, and a kindly nod soon followed.

"Opposite to me lived Piloty, who had begged me to sit for the arm in one of his pictures. When I was returning one day from his studio, King Ludwig came along, and, incredible as it may appear, he addressed me, quite simply. After that he visited me from time to time—merely, as he said, for the pleasure of talking with me.

"Soon afterwards I left Munich and went to Augsburg, for my longing for my children left me no peace. Like an outlaw, I lived for some time in Göggingen, near Augsburg. I must tell you that after the birth of my son, my husband had withdrawn my allowance, and that, penniless except for the meagre support which the Scheffers afforded me, and the help of my faithful nursemaid, I was dragging out a penurious and isolated existence. It was my nurse, too, who now and then contrived to procure me an hour or two's intercourse with my children. Indeed, my poverty was so great that the blacksmith with whom I lodged took pity on me and gave me three florins (*gulden*) for my return to Munich.

"The thought of King Ludwig fortunately occurred to me, and I betook myself to the Castle.

"'So the King has not been forgotten?' Those were the friendly words with which he greeted me as I stood, confused and nervous,

in the presence of His Majesty, unable to utter a syllable.

"'But why did you so suddenly fly from Munich, my child—and what means that shadow on your face?'

"Then I told him of my desperate plight, and of all my anguish of mind.

"'What I have here, is yours,' said King Ludwig, with a good-natured smile, and took from his bureau two thousand florins (*gulden*).

"Now I was saved. I instantly returned with my little son Hermann to Göggingen, paid my debts, and hoped to remain there for a long time near my children. But it was not to be. My presence near Augsburg, my easy circumstances, awakened my husband's apprehensions, and he sent our former house-physician, Durochez, to discover the source of my income.

"I had no reason for concealing it from him, and informed my husband, through this channel, that in my need I had turned to King Ludwig, and owed my salvation to his kindly

support. On the same afternoon, Dr. Durochez brought me three thousand florins (*gulden*) from Erzberger, with a message of profound regret for my distressed condition. 'The thought that the mother of his children had applied for a stranger's help had given him great pain.' Nevertheless he urgently begged me to return to Munich, 'otherwise the family here would unceasingly persecute me.'

"Then, as in all his other dealings, my husband allowed himself to be swayed by two contrary feelings. On the one hand, he was bitterly remorseful for having left me without material help; on the other, he went in dread of his people. Ever since then my allowance has been punctually paid. . . . But my maternal heart was heavy still, for now I had to live far away from my dear children."

In the summer of 1863 I was invited by friends to Salzburg. It was their reception-day, and we were assembled in the drawing-room; guests were coming and going.

"Prince Chlodwig von Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst," announced the servant at the door.

Through the curtain came my friend—came Count L., with a lady on his arm, who was introduced as his wife. I gazed at him speechless.

As soon as he came near me I managed to whisper, "It is *you*, my friend, my father-confessor? Why that mask, that incognito, for me? You are the famous Hohenlohe?"

"Later," he said quickly. "I will tell you all later!"

"When you receive this letter I shall be already in Munich, whence I depart in a few minutes. I implore you, do let me have a word, to my house, saying when I may come to see you.

"Your unchangingly faithful

"C. H."

This note I received immediately after my return from Salzburg. Since I had known

"Count L." for the Prince von Hohenlohe, my almost regained tranquillity had been a thing of the past. Whither was such an acquaintanceship, which already threatened to develop dangerously, likely to lead me? A faint hope of beginning a new life with the Count L. had gradually grown up in my heart. As a friend and confidant he had become so necessary to me that I contemplated with horror the void that a breach with him would create. The feeling which attracted me to this fascinating talker had nothing in common with the glowing passion which had bound me in the past to Scheffer; *that* had slumbered with time, and had left with me only the memory of a dream of love, in which I seemed to play rather the part of onlooker than heroine. It had been but a fairy-tale: I, a little, inexperienced "Princess Rosebud," Scheffer, a handsome young Prince who had awakened me from sleep and transplanted me to a strange, unknown world! But now I saw things very differently. Circumstances had matured me

quickly. Humiliation, need, grief, pangs of conscience, and above all an ever-growing longing for my forsaken children, had ploughed deep furrows in my heart.

Bitter conflict raged in my spirit. Prince von Hohenlohe could not be to me what I had dared to hope for from Count L., and I regarded the future with terror . . . for an inward voice relentlessly reiterated: "If you fall now, you are lost for ever." But then, other tormenting reflections occurred to me. My wings were broken; like a wounded bird I must drag them after me in the dust; morally I was already dead. What hope was there of lifting myself from the abyss to my former lofty station? What prospect of ever coming safely to port? All ways were closed to me. Was I to stand henceforth as a pariah by the roadside? to enjoy not one of those delights for which my heart so yearned? Youth, beauty, and high birth had destined me to play a leading part in the world, to take glory and admiration as my due—and now, what

fate loomed before me? In drear monotony to pine, or . . . or what?

"You can fall no lower," whispered the voice in my long, sleepless nights. "Take the hand that offers; he is a noble friend, he gives you love, friendship, and will give you consideration and pride of place once more. . . ."

"I shall expect you to-morrow between 5 and 7 o'clock.

"ALEX. VON H."

That was the end of my striving.

He came. All struggles, all scruples vanished as soon as he looked in my face with his charming smile, his clear blue eyes. The same trustfulness with which he had inspired me at our earliest meeting now worked its spell on me again. I felt that my whole future existence would be decided to-day. Something extraordinarily serious must have looked from my countenance, for Prince von Hohenlohe caught my hand, drew me down to a seat, and

said softly, "Do not take away your hand, dear friend; do not be angry with me. I had known much of your life before I learnt it from you; and when I heard through Friedrich von Bodenstedt how deeply your connections had made you suffer, there sprang up in me the desire to stand by you, who stood so alone and were so persecuted. The thought of offering you my aid under my own name was painful to me—hence the little diplomatic deception. Perhaps I ought to have contented myself with the first visit, but I was gradually carried away by the magic of your soul and your beauty. . . . You possess all the qualities which I most highly prize in a woman, which I have ever sought, and many times had imagined I had found—feminine grace and masculine understanding. Especially did your hatred of deception and your instinctive love of truth delight me. I am very honest with myself, and I try to be equally so with others. And thus I will make you no vain promises. I cannot, I may not, offer you more than my

arm to lean on and trust to for protection through all your life."

The Prince stopped for an instant; then, in tones of deep emotion, "Break with all else, Alex; be my true friend, and I will cherish you for ever. Be mine; life without you now seems empty and desolate to me, for in you I find the one for whom my heart and soul is longing. Do not withdraw from me your confidence; it has become as necessary to me as are my active part in the higher interests of mankind, and the sphere of my political activity."

There lay such truth in his words, and such energy in his glowing eyes, that my soul abandoned all the conflict of the recent days. In that hour my whole life was altered. My friend lifted me from my critical situation to the level of his own; he became my refuge, my protection; and his love brought me not only the desired joy, but also the respect of all the world around me. As the repudiated wife of the banker Erzberger I was an outlaw; as

the friend of Prince von Hohenlohe I was courted, especially by those who had formerly turned from me. The very individuals who had pursued me with relentless hatred, such as the fabricator of the pamphlet, and my people-in-law, now made attempts to approach me; for each hoped to obtain through me some favour from the Prince. Their attempts were naturally unavailing. The paltry so-called "great world," which had so lately thrust me from its midst, would now have been proud and honoured to take me to its arms, if it could have known that in the years to come, the Prince—Bavarian Minister, President of the Ministry, Representative in the Reichstag, Lord-Lieutenant of Alsace-Lorraine, and Chancellor of the Empire—never took a single political step, never delivered a speech, without having asked me, the once-disdained, for my counsel.

But I kept silence—and kept it purposely.

"I dislike writing, and write very seldom," he had said, on taking leave of me after our

first decisive interview; "yet I am going to ask you, whenever you feel you want to talk with me, to brighten my lonely hours with a letter."

Soon afterwards I received the following undated letter, written during one of his journeys, from Lindau:

"As you already know that I dislike writing, and write rarely and briefly, you will, my indulgent and kind-hearted friend, forgive this belated answer (without even an apology) to your last letter.

"That you should have put faith in my vague words is worthy of you, and the proof of a noble disposition. Only those who are themselves deceptive see deception where none exists. Nothing is more attractive, more enchanting in a woman than truthfulness, and alas! nothing is more unusual. I believe that you are one of the exceptions. And through that, you become for me a magnet from whom I cannot escape, do what I will.

"I await the moment of my return to M. with great impatience, but unfortunately several weeks must elapse before I can come. In the meantime, keep me in kindly remembrance.

"C. H."

Thenceforth the inner life of the Prince took a turn which will first be made fully clear by my revelations. In the *Memoirs*[1] (vol. i., p. 64 *et seq.*) the editor refers to the lack of material for a presentation of the Prince's life and work in the years 1850–66. And he explains the fact thus:

The Prince, he says, did not at that time keep a consecutive Diary. And his letters to the Princess Amalie, in which before his marriage he was wont to express his intimate feelings, then took (since he *was* happily wedded) quite naturally a different character, and confined themselves to mere statements of the occurrences and activities of the day.

[1] *Denkwürdigkeiten.*

That is true enough; nevertheless, the causes of this silence seem to me to be of quite a different sort.

Prince Clovis belonged, from his youth to his latest years, to that rare type of statesman who, together with his diplomatic and political abilities, possesses a deeply sensitive soul. On one side, reason, cold calculation; on the other, the profound need to live in close communion with a sympathetic nature—these two antithetic tendencies were with him united into exquisite harmony. The desire to share his emotions and sensations with a "sister soul" was in him, as in all the most sensitive and poetical natures, deeply marked. And with poets he had this, too, in common, that he would have only a woman as his confidant. At first it had been his sister Amalie, a beautiful and dreamy character, who thus attracted him; with her he could romance in the moonlight; to her he made his first confidences in his budding love for the Princess Marie zu Sayn-Wittgenstein. Before and during the first

years of his marriage (1847) Prince Clovis was greatly dependent on such intercourse.

"I see more and more," he writes to the Princess Amalie on November 16, 1846, "what a whole world of confidence and trust is opening before me, and that it will be a safe harbour and refuge in all the vexations and fatalities of life."

As a newly-wedded husband he was deeply in love; he read and made music with his young bride; the great joy was to have a woman by his side, to be "no more that sad thing, a bachelor" (as he had written in his Journal for August 16, 1843), no more "alone" in his longing for an idyllic life. The burden of his anxieties would never again drive him downward in an attempt to escape from dejection and ennui.

Four years go by; the princely couple travel to Russia; Princess Elizabeth, his youngest sister, goes to stay with her brother at Werki; it is *she* who now dwells with the Prince in his world of dreams. In the evenings, when he

returns from the supervision of his estates, or from the chase, she is always at his disposal, and feels herself blest indeed to be his spiritual companion, proud that he should confide his meditations to her.[1] And so Chlodwig von Hohenlohe had found once more a kindred spirit, and hence felt no need to inscribe his feelings in journals or letters.

Soon afterwards, in 1853, ensued the return of the Prince and Princess to Schillingsfürst; then began his journeys to Rome, Berlin, London, Vienna, his parliamentary career—until the beginning of the 'sixties he seems to have lived in a whirl of feverish activity; there are no warm outpourings to his sisters; only dry statements of facts appear in the Diary; it is as if he purposely avoided making any references to his intimate or his domestic life. . . . The editor of the *Memoirs*[2] remarks on this, but does not investigate the reasons: "The Prince's Journal gives no picture of

[1] *Memoirs* (*Denkwürdigkeiten*), vol. i., p. 70.
[2] *Denkwürdigkeiten*, vol. i., p. 147.

the active and happy family life of the lord of Schillingsfürst which, during this period (1853–1866), was steadily developing; there were six children, all born before the year 1862."

Possibly the following statements may lead to some conclusions about the Prince's private life, which has hitherto been enveloped in a veil of mystery.

Prince Clovis, in 1863, had reached his forty-fourth year; Princess Amalie, the confidant of his young days, had in 1857, against the desire of her family, married the Court painter, Richard Lauchert, and had thereby become estranged from her kindred. Whether the Prince, by his union with the Princess, had realised his youthful dream of "the shady by-path near the main road of life" must remain an open question. Beyond doubt the Princess Marie von Hohenlohe *was* the high-minded woman of whom Prince Clovis had once said: "Every day draws us nearer together, and that in no common degree, but

in such close and intimate communion that our eyes mutually radiate joy." . . . Their life together preserved the friendly character which it had assumed in the first days of union: "it was the most rational, the clearest, fairest life that can fall to a mortal's share," as he wrote to the Princess Amalie on March 5, 1847.

Yes, it was rational and clear . . . perhaps too rational, too clear, for the Prince was a blend of reason, mystical dreaming, and poetry.

(*b*) Confidence

(*b*) CONFIDENCE

The love of truth, which he mentioned in his letter from Lindau, was the basis of our long mutual happiness. Boundless trust, without which lasting love and mutual esteem are impossible, drew us ever closer and closer till his death parted us. Innumerable examples of this blind confidence rise in my memory; I shall give only two, connected with episodes in my life between the 'seventies and 'eighties. One has to do with my long acquaintance with the Swiss poet, Heinrich Leuthold.

I must now take the opportunity of demolishing a legend, much spread about in Munich at that time by a Bavarian writer. It represented me as a capricious, eccentric *mondaine*, and designated my great affection for Leut-

hold as a mere fancy (*marotte*). According to the writer, from the day my door opened to the ailing poet, I had ceased to exist for the gay company that hitherto had freely frequented my house. I was seen at no balls, theatres, promenades; but often, on a fine morning, I might be beheld rattling through the streets in my carriage, with Leuthold seated beside me. He, too, it was related, was lost to his former friends, and if any of them chanced to meet him out-of-doors, there was no end to the astonishment over his healthy looks, his bright eyes, his happy smile. . . . The gossiping folk of Munich had a new story about it every day; nevertheless, when it was seen with what tender and devoted care I nursed the sick man, people began gradually to shake their heads, and say "they did n't know what to think."

The good folk could not get us to" rhyme together," as it were—he, the aging, almost dying poet, and I, the blooming, youthful woman. Malicious tongues talked now of

mutual love, now of a caprice on my part. Calumny even went so far as to spread abroad a rumour that my relatives had forced me to leave Leuthold, and, under medical advice, had sent me to the South in order to put an end to the connection.

How far all this fantastic nonsense was from the truth I shall now show.

In the beginning of the 'seventies, Leuthold was living in my vicinity, and had, for eight years, made attempt after attempt to make my acquaintance; but as if I had had a presentiment of the tragic result of our friendship, I had always repulsed these advances. At last he got his way by the following trick.

One evening, talking lightly at a merry party of artists and writers, he let fall in the presence of a close friend of mine some insulting remarks on my person. When I heard of it, I begged Leuthold to come to my friend's, the Baroness von Gratz, and there overwhelmed him with angry reproaches, asking him by what right he had permitted himself

to compromise in such a manner a woman who had never done him any sort of harm.

"Ah, Frau Baronin," he answered with a good-humoured smile—to one whose blood was boiling against the detestable creature!—"it was the only way, you see, to approach you, for I knew quite well that my words would be retailed to you, and that you would call me to account."

"You poets have a very singular method of attaining your ends," I thought, but I could no longer be angry with the pleading eyes in that pallid face. That very afternoon we made it up, and from thence dates our friendship. The poet prolonged his first visit till evening, and read to us fragments of his epic *Penthesilea*, as well as other poems; moreover, he was so strangely impressive a personality that I seemed to be gazing enchanted into a world unknown.

At first he seemed to draw fresh hope and joy from our intercourse, as is shown by the few poems that belong to that period. Thus

an infinite happiness seems to inform *Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen* (Sea-waves and Love-waves), 1870; and in the *Lenzlied* (Spring Song) we feel the blossoming of a new April in his heart—

"Timid hopes, and sweet illusions,
Gently stir within my soul;
Wild, long-hidden, dear delusions,
Seem to break from my control;

Is 't a tear, so softly flowing?
Is 't a song that strives to say . . ."[1]

But the poor fellow felt often the pain as well as the joy of love, for the distance between us was too great: I, in the very flower of my youth, courted and adored; he, a poor poet in broken health—and he wrote thus of us both:

"It is thy lot in gleam and glow
Of happiness to move;[2]

[1] „Zages Hoffen, ſüßes Wähnen,
Schwellt die Seele mir gelind;
Banges, langverhalt'nes Sehnen
Löſt ſich, Quellen rieſeln lind,
Doch ich weiß nicht, ob es Thränen,
Oder ob es Lieder ſind — — —"

[2] „Es iſt Dein Los in Glanz und Duft
Des Glückes Dich zu baden.

My life is in the grave below,
Thine in the skies above."
("Farewell in 1871.")[1]

Moreover, my relations with Prince von Hohenlohe, to say nothing of my maternal duties, enjoined upon me a certain reserve towards Leuthold, which, alas! only heightened his passion.

In the letters which he wrote me at that time he overwhelmed me with the whole fiery outflow of his love, and also with the whole hatred of his soul for the Catholic clergy who frequented my house. His fury against the Catholic Church was so extreme that, dining with me on one occasion, he brought on himself a violent hæmorrhage by his hot arguments about the Mother of God. Painful as the incident was to me, I could not avoid harbouring my stricken friend, and nursing him until he was completely restored. But

[1] Mein Leben liegt in Finſternis,
Du biſt ein Kind der Sonne."
(„Lebewohl 1871.")

unfortunately the poor poet was then resolute in refusing to leave my house, and this not only created much gossip in Munich, but was extremely disagreeable to the Prince, though he had no cause for jealousy of the unhappy Leuthold, who was already a wreck. However, I found myself in the event obliged to seek another place of abode.

Leuthold still remained some time in my old dwelling, and would stray sadly through the desolate rooms, uttering his sorrow in mournful lyrics; as in his poem *Erinnerungen* (*Memories*).

"But in vain is all my calling,
And I listen too in vain—
Echo only gives me answer . . ."[1]

Shortly afterwards, by the Prince's wish, I took a room for him in the Heustrasse, where he stayed until the period of his terrible men-

[1] „. . . doch umsonst," so heißt es in seinem Gedicht „Erinnerungen," „ist all' mein Rufen, umsonst ist all' mein Lauschen, nur das Echo tönt mir rings."

tal decay. . . . With that decay, his physical state grew steadily worse and worse.

When I recall those bygone days, I ask myself mournfully whether the poet's hopeless love for me did not contribute to bring about, or accelerate, his tragic end. Any other feeling than a pitying and admiring friendship I could not give the broken man, but despite his condition, certain emotions still smouldered in him, which I, of course, could not gratify; and this set a gnawing jealousy in his heart which caused him infinite suffering.

Two letters from the years 1876 and 1877 express admiration for Prince von Hohenlohe, together with his grief at being obliged to renounce me, since my love belonged to another—

"I believe now in electric fluids and magnetism; the Prince impresses me with his intellectual eyes. But all the more does it make me feel my inevitable fate close round me like an iron band; I have the sensation of a nerve laid bare. But I am fair enough to set Hohenlohe above myself.

"My face is one on which 'Luck' has never cast its rays, and it has no longer any attraction. . . ." And the letter ends with this cry: "I carry in me a song that was begun—but just as it was most sweetly sounding, it broke off in a shrill dissonance. Now it is too late. . . . I shall not find its close—I have missed the song of my life."

How much he honoured the Prince may be seen by the poem *To the Prince Chlodwig von Hohenlohe*, on his birthday, March 31, 1876, which he sent with a laurel-wreath—

"To the Prince Chlodwig von Hohenlohe

"I feel right well, the while this crown I twine
Of laurel round the brow so garlanded,
How deep thy country's gratitude, and mine;
How poor, how vain this offering, how dead,
How all unworthy of the man who checks,
Gazing into the face of times to-be,
The pages of their history, and decks
The times that are with leaves from this same tree."[1]

[1] „An den Fürsten Chlodwig von Hohenlohe.

„Ich fühle tief, indem ich diesen Kranz
Von Lorbeer um den ruhmgekrönten Scheitel

I received the second letter during my stay with the Prince in Paris; in it the poet's grief and jealousy sound still more strongly.

MUNICH, *June* 13, 1877.

"DEAR ALEX,

"Every day I have intended to answer your letter, but I could not through inward agitation. All my friends think that you have given me up, but I believe inviolably in your affection for me, and in your fidelity. To myself I seem a martyr, and I live like an anchorite—lonely and forsaken, while you are yielding yourself to another in love.

"I had no idea how terribly this involuntary abnegation on my part would affect my state of mind. You talk of material sacrifices made by you; I count them as small compared with the agony of soul which I feel at your giving

---

Dir winde, dem Dankgefühl des Vaterlands
Und eignem Drange folg, wie arm und eitel
Wie ungenügend dieſe Blätterzier
Dem großen Mann iſt, der im Angeſichte
Der großen Zeit, ſelbſt ſtehend über ihr,
Die Blätter ſchreibt ins Buch der Weltgeſchichte."

your incomparable charms exclusively to another. But still I trust in your word, and hope that I shall again caress and kiss your fair and generous hand.

"What made you speak of the ideas of your son Hermann, as if I had quite forgotten you; and how can you doubt my silence? Since your departure, I have never spoken your name to a stranger; only once did one of my friends put a question concerning you. I was silent, but the tears came into my eyes; he apologised, and did not press for an answer.

"Day and night I think of you alone, and never, never has a man loved you as I have loved you; I only fear that I may go crazy before I see you again. The silly verse is always surging in my ears—

> "You dear, sweet, loving heart,
> Forgive me my deep smart."[1]

I am very unhappy, and feel quite ill. I eat only once a day, and then very little. Every-

[1] „Du liebes, süßes, gutes Herz
Vergib mir meinen tiefen Schmerz."

thing is costly, and I seem to need more money than I thought I did.

"Life without you is nothing but misery; I must see you soon again, or I die.

"Your unhappy

"HEINRICH."

Deep compassion for my "sick Achilles" (as the Prince called him) filled my heart, and I would willingly have softened my friend's grief by my presence—but how could I, at the first call, forsake the man to whom love and duty had bound me for ever? Nevertheless, if the Prince and I could have foreseen that poor Leuthold's words, "I fear that I shall go crazy before I see you again," were *not* the result of exaggerated poetic fantasy, I should have returned, with his consent, to Munich. But I can still hear him say: "My lovely child, men do n't go mad or die for love;" and so I spent some weeks longer in Paris. Then suddenly came the frightful news from my son Hermann: Leuthold had become insane.

Instantly I hastened to Munich, but alas!

too late. I found my poor friend in a straitjacket. My presence had a tranquillising effect; he would sit beside me for hours like a helpless child, listening to my consoling words; sometimes lucid moments came to his shattered brain, and so I took him out of the asylum, believing in the possibility of his restoration. But unfortunately the improvement did not last long; the periods of lucidity became rarer and rarer, the attacks of delirium more frequent, and at last he had to be taken to the cantonal asylum of Burghölzli, near Zürich, his home.

In August 1877 I accompanied my sick friend to Switzerland. Ah, that was a sorrowful journey! I shudder when I recall it; and to-day, after all these years, I ask myself how I found the strength to bear such sorrow.

I then heard constantly from the asylum doctor and T. Bächtold, who were very kind in keeping me informed. I also, about a year later, went to see my friend, in company with his daughter Rita; but his condition had

become very much worse. For some time his life had been in less danger, but despite the hope which the doctor expressed in a letter of 1879, I was drawn irresistibly back to the poor poet.

"Do go and see your sick Achilles," said the Prince, when Dr. Laufer again depicted Leuthold's state in blackest colours. On June 30, 1879, I arrived at Burghölzli. The poor fellow knew me at once, but he had forgotten my name. He cried like a child, and continually repeated: "Now that I have seen you again, I am glad to die." And indeed, when I reached Munich next day, I found a telegram awaiting me, to tell me of his death.

During all these years I had not concealed the smallest circumstance about Leuthold's relations with me from my friend Hohenlohe. He knew of the poet's love, read his letters, was aware of the material help I gave the unhappy man, and never did the least suspicion enter into his mind. The good folk of

Munich alone found pasture for gossip in our friendly relations.

And now a second proof of the unbounded confidence of my friend.

A distinguished man in my circle had conceived a burning passion for me, against my will and entirely without response on my side. With all the force of my soul and strength I strove against this consuming love in a man who did not in any way attract me. But he pursued me by all possible and impossible means. It came to my having to use force to defend myself; and yet social exigencies forbade me to close my door to him. He constantly visited me, nor could I avoid him in other places, and if I did turn the cold shoulder he would seize a pen and overwhelm me with declarations of his love. An almost insanely disordered imagination pervaded his letters. I shall cite only one—

"I must write to you once more, and I will force you to hear me. I ask you this: If you

do not love me, why do you come to me in dreams every night and whisper such strangely maddening things in my ear? Do you know the story of the vampire who creeps about in the night and draws the life-blood of the living? So your image is gradually draining my life-blood, and usurping every motion of my brain. Aye: defend yourself, struggle and fight with me—but then let your weary head rest on my shoulder. Oh, I know not with what cords you hold me; if you slacken them, I shall sink into the grave; if you draw them close, I am a lost man. You cannot possibly tear yourself away from me for ever with two or three words—you dare not; I must speak to you once again. And if your spiritual tyrant,[1] to whom you pay such slavish obedience, exacts an eternal separation, I ask you whether it is not against nature to drag through all your life a chain devised by subtly calculating men. Curses on the hours in which my rest has been destroyed by your presence;

[1] My confessor.

curses on the moment in which I ceased to be able to carry out my duties, and drank from that maddening source which I have learnt to know in your eyes"—and so forth.

Finally, I hit upon a certain means of putting an end to this persecution, though it was a grief to me to ruin the man only because he had committed the crime of burdening me with his love. I handed all his letters over to my confessor, Father Obercamp.

Prince Hohenlohe was in Paris during this episode. He could not protect me from a distance, and I did not like to disturb him with a written account; but immediately on his return I considered it my duty to tell him all. I had no reason to repent my truthfulness; in his generous soul I found only indulgence and understanding.

"Your confession the other day is still running in my head. I am really proud that you felt it your duty to tell me. It shows that you cannot bear to tell me an untruth. Yet there

is little object in lying to me; still less is there any reason for hiding anything from me. I am a good, indulgent father-confessor, knowing human nature as I do, and particularly feminine nature; I make allowances for it, especially when it is so beautiful an one as that of my dear Alex.

"Your true friend."[1]

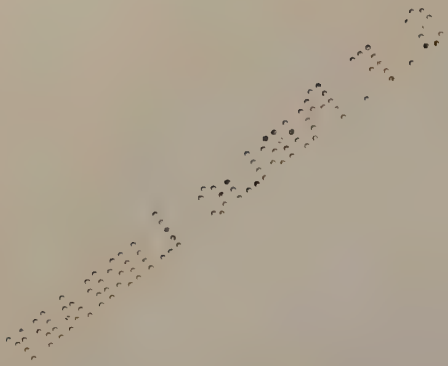
Sometimes I think that my dear comrade of those radiant days decked me out with qualities which were only a reflection from his own soul—or does a woman who gazes upward in adoration at the beloved man really find blossoming in her with all sorts of slumbering, fair emotions, which from tiny buds soon break into splendid flowers? The Prince always admired and loved in me, besides my hatred of lying, the surrender of my "Ego"; though, according to my feeling, such a "sacrifice" was merely the outcome of natural impulse. It was the infinite goodness of his heart which often caused me to conceal from him sorrow,

[1] From Aussee, 1883.

PRINCE CLOVIS OF HOHENLOHE-SCHILLINGSFÜRST

PRESIDENT DU CONSEIL DES MINISTRES EN BAVIÈRE

(Reproduced from a privately printed edition of his poems that appeared in the seventies)



anxiety, or physical suffering; especially at the times that we were separated, or that he was spending heavy hours immersed in political affairs. "Why," I would say to myself, "should I trouble his busy life with my relatively trivial feminine worries? My friend belongs first and foremost to the public. Shall I, who should bestrew his strenuous path with fragrant roses, and irradiate it with light and joy—shall *I* darken his scanty hours of leisure?" But as if a mysterious telepathy existed between us, his tender heart always divined my little secrets; to one of these the beginning of the following letter refers—it came from Schillingsfürst at the end of the 'sixties—

"If I were only sure that all was well with you! But I always fear the contrary and get anxious, particularly as I know that you do go through such times as that in the beginning of October, without my hearing anything about it."

Another time, when I had reproached myself for having told him about an operation which had been performed on me, he says: "You do n't say how you are going on. I hope that you are better, and that your suffering was at least partly the effect of the chloroform. It makes me so miserable to know that you are unwell, and to be able to do nothing for you. Indeed you are not egotistic. That reproach, which you make yourself in your letter, is unjust. I know no one who is so self-sacrificing as you are. It is one of the many qualities which I prize and revere in you, and for which I gratefully kiss your hands.

"Your faithful friend."

(*c*) Poetry

(*c*) POETRY

My friend's mind never rested. His thoughts were ever busy with the future, and the development of his plans; but in the meantime he longed for repose, for respite from active life, for the bliss of a tranquillising love. And he seemed to find all that in me.

"You are my oasis," he said so often. "My heart sings when I see you; you give me light, the dreams of youth—you are my fairest world, my peace on earth."

And in his enthusiasm he would improvise thus—

"You ask me why, though erst so cold,
I now breathe warmth and joy;
You ask me why, though erst so old,
I laugh like any boy.

"You are my spring, my sunlight clear,
Your eyes have warmed me through—

Broken the ice about me, dear,
Brought back my boyhood too."[1]

"With your forget-me-not eyes you can charm back the spring into my soul; often, beautiful Alex, I look up to you as to a goddess who in her glory has erringly descended to me, poor mortal, because she gazed compassionately on the urgent weariness of my life and thought she would like to brighten my arid path with her golden rays. See how you revive in the old politician the bygone days of poetic fantasy!

"Once again spring-sun is beaming
In the streets all gay and bright;
And my heart is set a-dreaming,
Heart so long denied the light.

[1] „Du fragſt, warum ich, ſonſt ſo kalt,
Nun warm von Worten überquelle:
Du fragſt warum ich, ſonſt ſo alt,
Mich nun ſo jugendlich erhelle?

„Du biſt mein Lenz, mein Sonnenlicht,
Dein Blick iſt's, der mich warm durchdringt,
Der meines Herzens Eis zerbricht,
Der mir die Jugend wiederbringt."

"Like the trees now gladly breaking
Into April beauty—see!
Budding, whispering, awaking,
So my youth awakes in me;

"So to-day, in poet-fashion,
I go rhyming, chiming these—
'T is the spring, the vernal passion,
Budding, like the old-young trees."[1]

By the Prince's diaries and letters we see that in his hours of rest he often yielded himself to an almost extravagant mood of self-analysis and nature-worship. He loved Nature as he loved Art, and had the power to embody his mysticism and high imaginings in artistic forms.

[1] „Wieder ſcheint die Frühlingsſonne
In die Straßen hell herein;
Mich durchdringet Frühlingswonne,
Bei dem lang entbehrten Schein.

„Wie die Bäume bei der neuen
Frühlingswärme Saft durchdringt,
Wie ſie ſproſſen, ſich erneuen,
Alſo fühl ich mich verjüngt.

„Wenn ich drum nach Dichterweiſe
‚Wonne' — ‚Sonne' heut gereimt,
So vergleich es neuem Reiſe
Das aus altem Baume keimt."

In his youth the Rhine had inspired him. "With all my philosophy," he wrote, "I should feel unhappy if I had not Nature—the silver moonbeams mirrored in the Rhine, and the dusky hills, and the stately Ehrenbreitstein."[1]

Or, brooding in his loneliness at Schillingsfürst, he looks out of the window and dreams—

"Ah, how it tranquillises! That wonderful fair moonlight, spread over the distant valleys and hills! It is all so quiet and peaceful and warm; spring zephyrs play up here amid the peaks. . . ." And the young Prince, who had just become master of Schillingsfürst by the death of his brother Philipp Ernst, finds comfort in the thought that "this old home is not standing deserted and dead in the beautiful night, but belongs to a 'spoilt poet,' who gazes out into the moonlight now and again."[2]

Indeed, his poetic bent could even conquer his passion for the chase. Once, on a chamois-hunt, when his guests were eagerly pursuing the prey, *he* forgot the object of the day's

[1] *Denkwürdigkeiten*, i., 17. [2] *Ibid.* i., 36.

amusement, and, in reciting poems to his sister let the driven chamois pass him unhurt! And at the end of the expedition he was enthralled by a tiny bird, which, frightened by the report of the guns, had sought refuge with him.[1]

The Prince often spoke to me of this incident, already familiar through the Princess Elizabeth's letters. It had been a great joke with the party, for to the other sportsmen it seemed simply incredible that a "gun" could let himself be put off by a small bird!

He was a poet in the full sense of the word, for verse was not to him a mere pastime, but a genuine need; he sang because his soul impelled him. Did he wish to impart some of his joy in his own optimism, he instinctively clothed his thought in axiomatic garb: once he thought of embodying it in a novel. "The comprehension of grief, and the power of analysing it, will always save me from being wholly oppressed by it, for that man alone is truly miserable who cannot weep for sorrow." And, poet-

[1] *Denkwürdigkeiten*, i., 151,

fashion, he turned this reflection into verse, making a *gasel* out of it—

"In the sky, dark clouds are heaping,
On the stem, sweet flowers are sleeping,
And the waves are flowing dully,
And a stillness strange is creeping
O'er the pasture-lands so thirsty.
Ah, like such storm-warnings stealing
In the sultry days of summer,
Are the hours when, dimly feeling
All its need, the heart imploreth
Tears, quick tears, for sorrow's healing!"[1]

That was how he sang as a boy of twenty-three, and in old age his nature remained unchanged: at sixty-three he cheated his grief at the death of his loved daughter, Stephanie,

[1] „Wolken auf dem Himmel ſteigen,
Blüten welken an den Zweigen,
Und die Wellen fließen langſam,
Und es ſenkt ſich banges Schweigen
Auf die dürſtenden Gefilde.
Ach, wie die Gewitterzeichen
In den ſchwülen Sommertagen,
Jenen Lebensſtunden gleichen,
Da das Herz, alt und verhärtet,
Thränen wünſcht, um zu erweichen!"

by putting it into a sonnet, which he read to me some weeks afterwards in Paris, with tears in his voice—

"Covered with flowers, they bore thee to thy rest,
And flower-scents were all about thy bier—
Ah, thou wert like an April blossom blest,
And like the sunbeams in the summer, dear.
For when thou cam'st came joy and youthful zest,
And every heart awoke, as the bright clear
First green awakes in April-time—and best
Of all, young birds sing out for men to hear.
All now is gone that made our joy and pride:
Sweet eyes are closed, their light is out for aye,
Soft lips will never, never smile again.
When with their flowers they stood thy grave beside,
I was as one unseeing. . . . Take to-day,
Darling, my wreath, women from tears of pain."[1]

[1] „Man hat in Blumen Dich zur Ruh getragen,
Ein Blütenhauch zieht über Deine Gruft.
Du warst ja selbst wie Lenz und Frühlingsduft,
Wie Sonnenschein an blütenreichen Tagen.
Und wenn Du kamst, zog Freude, zog Behagen
In jedes Herz, wie wenn der Frühlingsluft
Das junge Grün zu neuem Leben ruft
Und sanft im Hain die Nachtigallen schlagen.
Nun ist dahin, was uns so hoch beglückt,
Es brach des Auges strahlend heller Glanz,
Das heitre Lächeln Deiner Lippen schwand.

His was the true poet's soul, which decks a dear child's fresh-made grave with a wreath twined of tear-drops. And, despite his years, he was ever young at heart. What he said of his friend, A. von Binzer, applies much better to himself, for *he* was the fortunate one who knew how to keep the happy mind of youth far into old age. Here is the poem, which he wrote in my album—

"To keep the heart of youth undimmed within,
Though time has bleached the hair to chilly grey—
This is what all desire, yet few can win,
For only to the blessed shows that way.
And some will mock the hours with laughter thin,
And some will dully creep through day-by-day,
But whether in the breast be calm or din,
Each heart must surely turn to ice, men say.
Yet when I saw thee, all my fearing died—
For the world's strife had left thy head unbowed;
Thou, of thy strength, hadst flung old age aside,
And he who in such conflict holds him proud,

Als ſie mit Blumen Deinen Sarg geſchmückt
Stand ich gelähmt vor Schmerz. Nimm hier den Kranz,
Geliebtes Kind, den ich in Thränen wand!"

Shines, though his heart may slowlier pulse, with wide
Clear beams of youth that break through age's cloud."

Prince Chlodwig von Hohenlohe
(at the end of the 'seventies).[1]

[1] „An A. von Vinzer:

Den frohen Sinn der Jugend zu erhalten,
Wenn auch das Alter schon die Locken bleicht,
Das ist was jeder wünscht, doch schwer erreicht,
Weil nur dem Glücklichen es vorbehalten.
Ob wir nun fröhlich mit den Stunden schalten,
Ob ihr phlegmatisch durch die Tage schleicht,
Und ob's im Busen stürmet oder schweigt,
Es muß das Herz doch nach und nach erkalten.
Doch seh ich Dich, so schwindet all mein Zagen,
Denn ungebeugt im Kampfe mit der Welt,
Hast Du das Alter aus dem Weg geschlagen.
Wer sich den Mut in diesem Kampf erhält,
Der bleibt, mag auch das Herz ihm leiser schlagen,
Von ew'ger Jugend Sonnenschein erhellt."

Fürst Chlodwig von Hohenlohe.
(Ende der siebziger Jahre.)

(*d*) Alt-Aussee

(*d*) ALT-AUSSEE

THE Prince von Hohenlohe possessed at Alt-Aussee a little country cottage, which in 1865 he had metamorphosed into a charming cosy villa; and there he loved to spend part of the summer. It was the most delightful time for both of us. The Prince loved the quietude of this rural place, where he could give himself up entirely to the welcome ease of country life. The Princess, on the contrary, with her love for social gaieties, preferred to go to one of the "Cures" or to stay in Vienna with her brother-in-law, Prince Constantine. Her husband, though he disliked such restless ways himself, was too kind and considerate to raise any objection; indeed, no one at all suspected how uncongenial the life was to him. *His* enjoyment began when he had settled his

family down in some fashionable "Bad" and could escape to the tranquillity of Alt-Aussee.

Near Alt-Aussee there is an enchanting little spot called "The Market" (*der Markt*), surrounded by hills and woods, filled with light and sunshine; and there I usually spent the summer when Prince Hohenlohe was at his villa.

Early in the mornings we would ride out into the wood. All round mysterious silence —only the twittering of birds, the rustling of tree-tops, bespoke some secret life around us. Our horses moved friendlily along . . . when suddenly a fancy seized me—oh, to gallop off through the trees, with no fixed aim in view, just the joy of speed! And without saying a word, I fled away over hedges, through thickets; the branches whipped my face and breast —but I tore on faster, ever faster. . . . Pictures of the past arose before me—pictures of a monotonous respectable existence. . . . Could it have been I—that quiet young woman who once lived lonely on an estate near

ALT-AUSSEE, SHOWING THE HUNTING LODGE OF THE PRINCE

Augsburg with good, respectable mamma-in-law? Was that I, in that petty world with its petty interests? The uniform life, the monotonous talk, the incessant gossiping—had all this really been, or was it only an unpleasant dream? And those afternoon walks, those drives in the obsolete carriage, with the obsolete sisters-in-law? . . . Oh, gallop, gallop, my little horse, quicker and farther! Away with dreary memories—the world is mine now, and freedom is mine.

Farther and farther did my fancy send back tendrils into the past. Dazzling sunbeams scorch the arid steppes—all round is only sky and land. Wild horses riot in the grasses, and on the far horizon suddenly something emerges. A horse—has it wings? for it scarcely touches the ground, so high and swiftly does it course through the air. But there is a rider on its back, proud and as if carved from bronze, and madly he gallops into the night, till he and his steed sink down exhausted on the desolate steppe. . . . It is Mazeppa and his horse!

And at last, with glowing cheeks and streaming hair, which wraps me from head to foot, I draw rein. Behind me comes Prince von Hohenlohe; his eyes are almost angry.

"Oh please, do n't scold me; it 's such a wonderful sensation to let oneself get intoxicated by speed, and see the pictures of the past streaming by one in imagination."

"Who could be angry with you, my beautiful Alex, you ardent, rushing stream of passion! Come, let us go quickly back to the lake."

We fastened our horses to the nearest trees and sank down in the grass.

"You lovely thing! Now, with your loosened hair, your blazing eyes, you seem like some wild Amazon at the head of her warlike troop, awaiting only the signal of her leader. In such moments I feel as if you belonged to another world than this petty commonplace one of ours. . . . And yet I may call you mine, my very own. . . ."

The sun had meanwhile climbed high, and

was mirrored in the calm surface of the lake that smiled at us so alluringly.

. . . . . .

Wrapped in the brown mantle of my hair, I let myself float slowly with the current, lying motionless with closed eyes. An ineffable sense of well-being thrilled me through and through. Suddenly I felt two arms go round me—heard a whisper: "My lovely Alex. . . ."

They were splendid days. Riding and sport —these were, beyond doubt, my element; it was for them that I had so infinitely longed when I sadly mused in my golden cage at Augsburg. I often accompanied Prince Hohenlohe to the chase. We would now and then spend the night "in a drawing-room," as he used quaintly to call a barn, and, next morning, would betake ourselves to the hills with the first dawn of day. He was a renowned shot, but sport was no passion with him, and frequently, as is shown in the episode of the little bird already narrated, the poet in him

would gain the upper hand. Then he would improvise sad lyrics upon the death of the poor beasts, or quote Alfred de Vigny's *Le Cor:*

"J' aime le son de cor, le soir, au fond du bois
Oh! que le son de cor est triste au fond du bois." . . .

—so he would troll the mournful-sounding refrain.

The coming of autumn ended our idyll, and intense was the grief with which we tore ourselves away from one another. Our daily companionship had become more than a habit to us—it was a need, an absolute necessity. Not only love and mirth, but friendship, deepest faithful friendship, bound us together.

"Farewell, farewell," said the Prince sadly at our parting. "Now I must relinquish for another long while my dear friend, my good comrade. All others are so alien to me—so uninteresting. All pass me coldly by—or I pass them. No one knows where my longing lies—that it is you who are my joy, my sun-

shine. I must leave my oasis—the desert swallows me up."

We parted.

"ALT-AUSSEE, *September* 4, 186—.

"I am beginning a letter to you, dear Alex, though the longed-for Monday on which your promised word is to come, is still in the future. But fate has spoilt me this summer by granting me the boon of seeing you and talking with you almost daily. And so I find it hard to get used to being parted from you again for weeks and months. I often ride past your windows, where a dismal notice announces that there are rooms to let, and spoils my attempt to deceive myself into thinking that your sweet startled eyes are looking through the iron railings. Those six weeks from July 13 were a beautiful time. Now I wander about, aimless and lonely, without that magnetic spell to draw me on the familiar way to 'The Market.' Friend Kels or Kris,[1] whom I often meet, looks at me with compassionate

[1] The landlord of my abode.

smiling eyes, as though he would say: 'I know she 's gone.'

"I positively dislike it now when I have time and leisure to go into the garden-street. What good is leisure to *me?* I employ it solely in reading, writing letters, and putting my domestic affairs in order.

"I am very curious to know how your journey turned out? and how you are, and how your abode in Munich was looking, and what news you have for me? . . .

"I have just got your letter. I kiss you fervently for keeping your word so well. I am sorry that you found bad news[1] awaiting you, and are going to be bored by the tedious Eckl.[2] I much distrust her.

"As always,

"Your faithful friend."

Every summer after that brought us together in this way, without, however, making any other change in our mode of life;

[1] My family affairs.
[2] A friend of mine.

indeed, the Prince was more careful than before "*de garder les dehors*," for thus we could more safely see one another often in Munich.

"AUSSEE, *July* 30, 1864.

"I have just had your letter, dear Alex, and hasten to say that I see no reason why you should not bring Marie[1] with you.

"I should think it unwise, moreover, to leave her there entirely at the mercy of the Eckl, in whom I have scant confidence. But you must make very sure that she does not chatter here, for it would be much more dangerous in this neighbourhood than in Munich. I am delighted that K. has taken the rooms at Spängel for you.[2] I look forward beyond measure to seeing you again, and am very curious to hear something about your parley with your husband.[3] The dream has no foundation in reality this time, nor have I paid any 'dangerous' visits. I have called only on my friend on the Alm, but those were quite

[1] My maid. [2] At Alt-Aussee.

[3] I had begged my husband to entrust the children to me for some months of the year—but in vain.

harmless occasions. I do not quite understand how anybody can pay court to a being who smells of the cow-stall. . . . 'The Market' is rather empty this year. Your three elderly adorers are there again, also the journalist from Vienna. Adieu, and to our speedy meeting. Tell me precisely the day of your arrival.

"With heartfelt kisses,

"Your faithful friend."

The allusion to the "dangerous visits" is a joke about a passing jealousy on my part; and by the "friend on the Alm" he means a young peasant woman, Leopoldine.

The good old custom then still prevailed of peasants inviting their masters and mistresses to weddings; and when, after the plighting of the troth, the wine went round, the proprietor of the estate drank out of the same glass as the bride, and kissed her. Leopoldine was a saucy, pretty girl at whose wedding the Prince had been the year before. Afterwards he used to

laugh and say that no doubt it would be very delightful to touch so fresh a fruit with one's lips, if only she did not smack quite so strongly of the peculiar perfume of the cow-stalls.

By my three "adorers" the Prince means the Hungarian Count Hunyadi, a Baron Sala, and an opera-singer, who all three courted my favour. I must make special mention of the Count Hunyadi, who has remained in my memory on account of his heroic demeanour towards me in a dangerous situation.

During a walk through the wood near Aussee with the Count and my little son Hermann, a bull suddenly appeared in our path. I had just sufficient presence of mind to push my son over a hedge, and then I stood trembling in expectation of being attacked by the bull. My adorer, the old Count, left me in the lurch, and fled. . . . I know not what would have become of me if the Prince had not suddenly appeared on horseback, like St. George with his sword. He saw the danger instantly, and coolly attacked the bull; in the

meantime, some people who had followed the animal came up, and we were saved. . . . Later we laughed heartily over the chivalrous behaviour of Count Hunyadi.

That summer I also made the acquaintance of the Duke of Augustenburg. With the Prince, we made a little trip to Feldafing. The Duke told us many things about his political career, and gave the impression of a quiet, amiable man with optimistic views, who took a deep interest in art. His keen eyes discovered on this occasion a wonderful old silver clasp worn by a peasant woman. She happened to possess two of these, and the Duke bought both from her—one he intended for the Duchess and the other he presented to me as a souvenir of the pleasant trip.

Innumerable letters which the Prince wrote me to Munich, after we had enjoyed the splendid free life at Alt-Aussee, speak of the beautiful days gone by, and of the loneliness which —I may say so without vanity—my absence caused him to feel. The greater number of

these letters I have, for certain reasons, destroyed—only a few remain. He writes thus, while on a journey—

"Josef Draxler
K. K. Postmeister,
Gasthof and Realit: Besitzer,
in Admont."[1]

September 30, 18—.

"The superscription of my paper shows you that I am on the road. It is too early to go to bed, so I have got some paper from the postmaster to write to you on. How sad it is to be *writing* to you again, after having such a good long time together without needing that *pis-aller* for exchanging our ideas. Your departure made me feel unusually melancholy and 'lost.' I don't know what I shall do now that I can no longer ride to 'The Market.' That hour was the axis of the whole twenty-four. *You don't know what you are to me.* I am spellbound in your magic circle, and could not get free even if I would. How

[1] "Joseph Draxler,
K. K. = *Königlicher, Kaiserlicher:* = Royal and Imperial Postmaster; Hotel Proprietor,
Admont."

often to-day I wished that you were with me, on my lonely journey. It is a fine road through the Emstal, and wonderful sun and moon effects made it still more 'charming,' as Frau Binzer[1] would say. I took a stroll in the village where I lunched. A man came up as if to greet me, and as I looked at him in surprise and rather coldly, he excused himself: 'I thought you were Limberger.' So know herewith that I have a double called Limberger. I should like to make his acquaintance. . . ."

Another letter from Aussee expresses the same grief at my absence—

"Aussee, October 29, 1873.

"Forgive me, dear Alex, for breaking my promise. I got through my journey so quickly, and was so busy when I reached its end, that I could n't find a quiet moment in which to write to you. I have been back here some days, and as I have had no letter from you I gather that you are in doubt as to my where-

[1] A friend of the Prince.

abouts. I passed through Munich on the very evening that you must have left it. I stayed only half-an-hour, and did not go beyond the hall of the railway station, whence one can see into the town. It was night, and there was a thick fog in the streets. I looked at them very indifferently, for I knew you were not there!

"I can't say that I feel exactly in a 'rosy temper' just now. I never am when long parted from you. I miss you as one misses the flowers in autumn, the sun, and the warm inspiring airs of spring. I droop, and grow bitter and sullen. But sometimes your face comes to me in a dream.

"'Even when comes the morning,
It does not go away,
So in my heart I bear it,
Through all the live-long day.'[1]

"That is just what has happened to me

[1] „Und mit dem Traum des Morgens
Entflieht es nimmermehr,
Dann trag ich es im Herzen
Den ganzen Tag umher."

The stanza is by Heine.

to-day, and the dream has reminded me that it is my turn to write.

"I have another commission for you. I want a silver ring, like the golden scarf-ring that you gave me—of dull silver, with the same inscription in green enamel. Have the great goodness to order such an one for me, and keep it till I come, or write about it.[1]

"Old Madame B.[2] still makes allusions, and evidently wishes that I should take her into my confidence. She is beyond doubt terribly curious to find out something about you. But I turn a deaf ear, and give her no information. She goes next week; then we are quite alone, except for the dear aborigines! As yet I have made no *visits*,[3] and can with a good conscience subscribe myself

"Your *faithful* friend."

[1] For the Princess.
[2] Frau von Binzer, an elderly lady who lived at Aussee.
[3] A joke about jealousy.

(*e*) Schillingsfürst

(*e*) SCHILLINGSFÜRST

We had ourselves foreseen that our relationship could not remain for ever a secret. And indeed not only the Prince's immediate circle began to suspect something, but public opinion, too, was soon busying itself about us. All at once there arose in the political world a murmuring and whispering which threatened to turn ere long into open speech and designation.

The "Centre" and the clerical party were eager to turn the private life of the Liberal leader into a weapon of their warfare with him. But King Ludwig intervened at the right moment, and begged the Prince to separate from me for a short time, and thus silence the scandal.

We therefore decided that I should leave Munich and go to my friends, the von U——s, at Salzburg. I remained there nearly six

months, but our separation was not so prolonged, for the Prince visited me as soon and as often as was fitting, and when it chanced that he was alone at Schillingsfürst I would go over there, and we would spend a day in the quiet, isolated castle.

"(Undated.)

"My ladies depart this evening," he wrote on one occasion, "and I accompany them for some leagues, but then return immediately, so that I shall be here again to-morrow. I hope to find a letter from you when I get back. Do not make me wait too long, dear Alex—I am so depressed that I really need a word from you. I shall now be quite alone, and shall miss you more than ever. If you are well, and if your heart whispers such a wish to you as one to see me, and if you do not dread the fatigue, do come over again for a day. Nobody saw you, and your visit went by quite unnoticed. A thousand kisses."

This visit was to cause us—and me in particular—an unpleasant surprise.

We were sitting in the Prince's study, talking eagerly, when we heard the sound of wheels, and, looking out of the window, saw, to our unbounded astonishment, the Princess getting out of her carriage. She had unexpectedly returned from her journey.

"Oh, I should like to leave the Castle as quickly as possible!" I said, in some agitation.

"No, you must stay—you cannot go now," was his decisive answer, upon which he left the room, and in a few minutes re-entered with the Princess.

"Dearest Marie, permit me to present to you our guest, the Baroness von Hedemann."

After the usual banal phrases, the Princess invited me with charming cordiality to stay for dinner; I sought a pretext to excuse myself, but she said smilingly—

"*Non, non, restez, Baronne; vous connaissez le vieux proverbe: 'Qui va à la chasse, perd sa place.'*" And I stayed till the evening.

On another occasion, to be sure, the *grande dame* showed herself in a somewhat different

light. I was much surprised, one day, to receive a visit from her family physician, Dr. Sch——. Somewhat awkwardly he introduced the topic of my relations with the Prince. The Princess, he added almost timidly, might be caused infinite suffering. . . . . On whose prompting he had undertaken what I might qualify as so tactless a step is unknown to me. I of course told the Prince of his visit, and he informed his wife. She was furious, and perhaps wounded in her conjugal pride . . . and Dr. Sch—— was forthwith dismissed.

The little occurrence at Schillingsfürst did not prevent the Prince from inviting me again, for, much as he longed for the quiet of his Castle, loneliness always drove him into melancholy hypochondriacal musings, as he told me in our talks together—and so my presence became a real necessity to him. If I were not there, utter dejection possessed him; and at such moments he yielded himself to those poetic fancies which so

constantly amazed me in a diplomat of his calibre.

The following letter gives a good idea of such moods—mournful regret for the transiency of earthly things alternates with longing to be able to seize and hold the fleeting joy; and in vain he seeks to allay the rising doubt in his soul with Lamartine's romantic musings. As with the poet of the *Méditation*, so with my friend—the questions remained unsolved, and, like Lamartine, he feels himself for ever thrust back into the eternal night of time, without hope of being able to cast anchor in the ocean of the years.

"SCHILLINGSFÜRST,
"*July* 16, 186—.

"You have written me two sweet lovely letters, and have had only a few short lines from me. And to-day again I get some words from you, and my conscience awakes, and I resolve to write you a long epistle. First of all, my sincere thanks for the rose-coloured letter with the flowers, which arrived in very

good condition. I have spent nearly all of to-day in the woods. I lie in some quiet nook, reading or thinking; and the past rises before me, especially our last happy days. How I long to have them all over again! And then I fall to melancholy musings, and begin to grow sceptical. Or else it comes to me suddenly what people mean by the transiency of earthly things. Lamartine rings in my ears—

"'Ainsi toujours poussés vers de nouveaux rivages
Dans la nuit éternelle emportés sans retour,
Ne pourrons nous jamais dans l'Océan des âges
Jeter l'ancre une seule fois?'

This impotence to seize and keep the passing moment, this eternal haste and elusion and loss, is dizzying. How confusedly I write—and it is the reflection of my mind. I want those sweet understanding eyes, in which I find my rest.

"But enough of melancholy musing! Have you heard that I have been made great fun of in *Punch* quite lately? Unfortunately there is

no caricature of me, only some more or less feeble puns upon my name. I am really very proud to be thus attacked. . . ."

Despite our limitless love, despite the warm friendship between us, doubts would hover in my illogical feminine heart when we were long separated. . . . An utterly unreasonable jealousy would gnaw at my soul. For all the confidence that I felt in my "most faithful friend," I should have been no woman in the complete sense of the word, loving him with all my mind and heart and sense, if that feeling had not existed. I knew that he was universally admired by women—nay, pressingly pursued! In the same letter from Schillingsfürst which has just been quoted, and which exhales his boundless love for me from every line, there is an allusion to this my weakness——

"To-morrow I go off on business for some days, and return here on Wednesday or Thursday. As soon as I know for certain the day of my return, I will write to you. We are

alone here. The Binzers did not come. A lady of our mutual acquaintance came on a visit to them at Tegernsee, and so they could not leave home. I could not arrange to invite her[1] here. For your peace of mind I add that this lady will have departed when I come back to Munich.

"And further: There is no *red hair* here—so you can be at peace about that too.

"I shall return, as I went,

"Your most faithful friend."

The Prince had, in fact, a fancy for red hair . . . and this thought once so tortured me that I beheld, in an extraordinary dream, a crowd of beautiful women whose hair was dyed red with my blood. Next morning I wrote a very bad poem about it, which nevertheless I shall give here, with all its deficiencies, for it caused the Prince inextinguishable laughter. And his amusement came after one of the most beautiful hours that I remember.

[1] The Marquise d'Ologgio, *née* Eichtal.

A Dream

I saw you in a dream,
  Within a hall of gold;
And saw your charming smile
  All eyes upon you hold.

And saw around you stand,
  Women so young and fair,
(What anguish then was mine,)
  And all had auburn hair.

You looked at them—that look
  Plunged to my heart did seem;
I heard you speak, and heard
  Myself cry in my dream.

O speak to them no more!
  Look but upon their hair—
See, it is redder still,
  For my heart's blood drips there.

„Ein Traum

Ich ſah Dich heut' im Traume
In einem gold'nen Saal,
Mit Deinem heitern Lachen
Bei einem feſtlich Mahl.

Und ſah umringt Dich ſtehen,
Ich weiß nicht wie mir war,
Von Weibern allzumal,
Mit langem roten Haar.

But it is no true woman-heart that can be completely solaced in its jealousy by endearments; consoling words, mingled with kisses, may drive away the gloomy clouds, the sun may laugh out again . . . until the next time. A letter, which I have destroyed, contained a long narrative from the Prince which drove me to utter despair: this which follows has to do with the incident—

"MUNICH,
"*January* 29, 1866.
"EVENING.

"Warm thanks for your letter, dear Alex, and forgive me for having embittered your lonely hours by thoughtless chatter. Such things can only be told by word of mouth; one should not write them, because written words cannot be chased away by kisses, but

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Du ſahſt ſie an; Dein Blick
Senkt in das Herz ſich ein,
Ich hört ‚Dich' etwas ſagen,
Und ‚mich' im Traum aufſchrein.

O rede nicht mehr weiter,
Sieh doch ihr Haar nur an,
Es wird auf einmal röter,
Mein Herzblut klebt daran."

sink in, and are brooded upon. These lines shall cause you no anxiety, and neither shall the 'beautiful Countess,'[1] as she is sarcastically called. All she wants of me is the *name* of being courted, and as I do n't do it, she does it herself, so that people may talk and the other women be annoyed. So you see I am only the scapegoat. The object of her desires, she attains; but it gives nobody, and you least of all, any ground for jealousy. I rejoice in the thought of seeing you in less than eight days, if only for a single evening at first" (I was in Salzburg). "I am not going to Salzburg, but most likely to Gries, near Botzen, to await my womenkind there, or at any rate settle the children down, until they come. I shall probably return there directly after Easter, but shall not be able to stay.

"Yesterday I was disagreeably surprised by a letter in the English language from a lady[2]

[1] The Countess von Hahn, cousin of the author.

[2] The lecture of this hysterical Englishwoman contained reproaches on the subject of our relationship; it greatly annoyed the Prince, and the more because in this case he would neither vindicate himself nor "take vengeance," as he said—two weap-

—I think the wife of an English clergyman—who is clearly crazy, for she reads me a moral lecture. It is utterly silly and stupid, and yet it *has* vexed me. As if I gave anybody any annoyance! But such things worry me because one can neither vindicate oneself, nor take vengeance.

"I shall end now—my head and heart are drear and desolate. I take no pleasure in anything, and am quite 'down.' You are more necessary to me than you know."

On another occasion I was uneasy about my friend Eckl, though the attractions of the poor thing (may she, now in her grave, forgive my malice) almost did honour to her name![1]

"MUNICH,
"*April* 29, 18—.

"How can you take it into your head that Eckl or Anspr—[2] could be 'dangerous' with me? The former may be a very good, estim-

ons which he *had* been able to use in the already mentioned contest with his political opponents, when I left Munich at King Ludwig's request.

[1] *Ekel* is the German word for "disgust."

[2] One of my acquaintances.

able sort of person, but she is certainly *not* seductive; and of the physical and mental defects of your friend Anspr—you have already given me so striking a description that I should not see her if she came to call on me herself. Believe me, if I wished to be unfaithful to you, I should not await the arrival of those two ladies. But, as a fact, I am in a serious frame of mind, am very busy, have a great deal to arrange, and never even dream for a moment of that kind of thing.

"Thy faithful

"FRIEND."

But though the Prince scolded me thus for my jealousy, he was not himself entirely exempt from that weakness—he too could have ridiculous dreams. And it seemed as though Castle Schillingsfürst was peculiarly the place where his inward life dominated him. It was there that he dreamed, there that he enjoyed the sweets of melancholy; indeed, his sojourn at Schillingsfürst frequently drew him

into a mood which was nothing less than mystical.

"SCHILLINGSFÜRST,
"*December* 4, 18—.

"Misled by the postmarks, you seem to be in doubt as to the fate of your letter, and I therefore hasten to relieve your mind. It has just safely reached my hands, and I thank you heartily for it. You would be wrong if you put constraint on yourself towards me, and were afraid that your letters, whatever they might contain, could weary me or make me 'angry.' You surely know me well enough to be convinced that I could not be angry with you, and that I love to hear whatever you have to say. And what are letters but written talk?

"The change in my family's plans disarranges much that you and I were looking forward to.[1] I now remain quietly here, for this week at any rate, and perhaps a few days longer. I am expecting some friends for the

[1] The Prince was to have visited me at Munich.

shooting, so I shall be dragged out of my hermit-life. I did not write anything more to you about Bodenstedt,[1] for it was no longer necessary. I have consulted another Professor about the tutor.

"I am not yet quite well again, and some days ago I was afraid I was going to be really ill. But I am better of that. My cough begins to disappear. I am so little used to being ill that it makes me very unhappy when I am; and loneliness tends to make one melancholy and hypochondriacal.

"I hope you are quite out of anxiety about H.[2] But undoubtedly it is particularly unhealthy in Munich just now.

"Yesterday I dreamt of you. I found you quite changed; you were very cold and indifferent to me, and I learnt that Count Mensdorff, the Austrian Minister, had come to Munich and had instantly visited you. And it had turned your head. I was intensely angry, and

[1] He had commissioned me to get some information from Bodenstedt about a tutor for his children.

[2] My little boy Hermann, who was ill at Munich.

very jealous! Another most absurd dream I really can't write down."[1]

Further on there is in this letter a passage which again displays a certain mysticism in the Prince.

"There are places in which one dreams more than usual, and it is said that the reason is that the dæmons who inspire dreams frequent certain regions more than others. Here there would seem to be a good many, and some of them malign ones. . . . After all, I believe that we *shall* be able to travel together from A.[2] All I need do is to leave the day of my arrival uncertain, so as not to be expected. I shall tell only you.

"Your faithful Vampire."

The same mysticism emerges in another letter.

"If you feel inclined," he writes from

[1] He told it me by word of mouth, however.

[2] We were to meet at Aussee, and thence travel together to Munich.

Schillingsfürst, "to scold me for my silence—refrain! If you knew how much I found to be done here, and how utterly exhausted I have been by mental and physical troubles, you would soon throw aside any kind of doubt that may arise in your heart. But gradually my energy is reviving, and I am beginning to feel and think humanly again. And if during the day you were banished from my thoughts, you revenged yourself by night, for I have never dreamt of you so much as this time . . . and that is doubtless a sign that your thoughts have been with me; the mystic persuasion is very consolatory."

(*f*) Mother-Love

(*f*) MOTHER-LOVE

I HAVE related thus much of my life—which was a marriage in the highest sense of the word—with the Prince, and have not yet spoken of the part of that happy relation which was to me perhaps the most important: Motherhood.

My life seems to me like a self-contradictory picture: here, a tranquil, tree-framed, lovely lake; there, a raging sea, all storms and danger, ever-changing ebb and flow. Such as that symbol of Nature was my existence. And it was the Prince who brought with him passion, peril, adventure, amazement—the tranquil lake and the tossing sea.

From the first days of our acquaintance to the day of his death there was forged between us an unbroken chain of relationships—impulses of passion, friendly emotions, arguments upon art, literature, political projects: each is charged with memories for me. But alongside

this tempestuous ocean there lay in my soul that tranquil lake, in whose depths was hidden what was best and holiest in me—my maternal instinct. Perhaps it had been thus powerfully developed, thus intensified to a veritable passion, by the fact that no mother's eyes had watched over my own childhood, and that life had early shown me something of its ruthlessness.

My first childish years had, it is true, been spent in unclouded happiness with my foster-parents, the Schätzlers; my uncle's house was like a palace, and I like a little princess therein —the spoilt darling of young and old. One figure in particular rises in my memory—that of the old Baroness von Perklas, a friend of my foster-parents, who was the first person to write a poem to me! Unfortunately, I do not remember it all, but one little stanza was often repeated to me by my aunt—

"Alexandrina, little darling one,
To conquer hearts already has begun." [1]

[1] „Alexandrinchen, liebes Kind,
Das alle Herzen ſchon für Sich Gewinnt."

But those cloudless days were not of long duration; after some years my aunt gave birth to a daughter, and from that moment my life gradually changed. My cousin Adèle was then the spoilt darling, and I was relegated to the second place. I felt this slight deeply, for I was a highly sensitive child.

But my evil days did not really begin until after my aunt's death, when my uncle engaged a resident governess. She was a petty-minded woman, and soon contrived to push herself forward and finally to manage everything. My cousin Adèle enjoyed her special favour; but she was for me nothing less than a fiend. I should never end if I were to recount all the suffering that her deliberate cruelty inflicted upon me. Although so many years are gone by since then, I vividly remember how she often beat me until the blood came, and how I was frequently forced to sit up till midnight at my lessons. On one such occasion, when the whole house was still, and my eyes were shutting with fatigue, there suddenly appeared

before me a figure in a white garment, which spoke in a deep voice of ghosts and all sorts of terrifying things. I shrieked and fled in terror to the farthest corner of the room, but the ghost sprang after me, seized my breast with an iron hand, and cried, "Another sound and you are dead." It was the kind governess, who had thought it a great joke to terrify me. Her whole aim seemed to be the invention of new martyrdoms for me. Once her cruelty actually extended to making me have some quite sound teeth extracted. . . . Thus grievous were the days of my early childhood, but I dared not complain, so great was the fear with which the governess inspired me.

At last I did confide my woes to a faithful friend, my good nurse whom I always remember tenderly, and with her I found the solace and affection for which my childish heart was yearning. But as my life grew steadily more unendurable, the kind woman informed the brother of my late foster-mother, and he described the state of affairs to my father, who

at once had me sent home. The governess was ordered to take me thither—I was only twelve years old; we left Augsburg, and after a journey of several days reached Kreuzburg, on the outermost border of Silesia. There we stopped at an inn, and sent a courier to my father. I remember well how we wearily awaited the return of this man, and heard at last that he had sunk in a bog. The second messenger arrived safe; and one day I was standing at the door of the inn, and gazing with ever-increasing impatience into the forest, when suddenly three riders emerged from the thicket. The picture I then saw has never faded from my memory; I stood spellbound, gazing enchanted at the new-comers. A lady —my sister—of wonderful dignity and as lovely as a fairy-tale princess . . . she seemed to me a supernatural being as she came riding stately from the wood in her picturesque garb. Even after all these years I can see her clearly still. With a shriek of joy I rushed into the arms of my father, who rode beside her.

He lived in a small castle in the heart of the wood—a one-storeyed house with two towers, standing in a large, well-watered park. Alas! I spent only a few weeks there, but they were delightful, for after the recent years of suffering in my uncle's house I now imagined myself in Paradise, and my father and sister lavished caresses on me and made me the happiest creature on earth.

But ah! what sad times came after my return from school! How chilled was the atmosphere, now that my father was married to a stranger! Once more there awoke in me a longing which I kept a secret in my bosom for many years—it was the desire to know my mother. All I could learn about her was that after her recovery she had left the lunatic asylum, and lived in Breslau. I knew her only by a picture—a wonderful life-size oil painting, showing her in a ball-dress, an exquisitely lovely woman with something chilling and aloof in her expression. How often did I sit in the twilight before that picture, half-watch-

ing, half-dreaming! I felt as if the beautiful creature might come out of her frame and clasp me in her arms.

The longing to see her waxed so strong that I plucked up courage to confide it to my father; but as my step-mother desired no re-emergence of the first wife, my desire remained at first unfulfilled. Soon, however, chance came to my assistance. While my father and his wife were away for the summer at Teplitz, I wrote to my mother, and we arranged for a meeting at Breslau.

With beating heart I rushed to meet her—all the love that slumbered within me I longed to pour out upon the mother for whom I had so yearned. But, ah! what a disillusion! The very face of the picture was there—the exquisitely lovely face, but with the same cold aloofness in the eyes which now examined me; and my mother's heart was like the look of her eyes—it did not melt beneath the breath of my warm childish love. She questioned me, and I told her of my life; then we parted, and she

did not clasp me to her heart, but gave me one cold kiss, which caused an icy shudder to run through me. Disappointed, broken as by some terrible blow, I took my way back to my father's home, now quite desolate for me. . . .

When at last I was granted the happiness of being a mother, the three children born of my marriage were torn from me by destiny and the law; I was able only now and then to see them in secret, and clasp them to my heart. Some years after our parting I made my husband a request—by the Prince's consent—to be allowed to have my children with me for a few months in the year; we even met to talk it over, but it was unsuccessful on my part. My husband had no sort of understanding either of my nature, which to his Philistinism was utterly incomprehensible, or of my intense capacity for maternal affection. He could only imagine a mother's love as belonging to the "woman at the distaff," like his own mother and sisters. My freer, wider views,

my whole attitude towards life, were to him remote and alien.

Thus, when my son Hermann came into the world, I concentrated on him all the emotions which my heart had gradually accumulated; I poured out upon him the love which my own childhood had lacked, and which I was not allowed to give to my other children. I sent him to a grammar-school (*Gymnasium*) until he was sixteen, and up to that time he lived under my care, sharing my good and evil days with me. In the meantime, his father had married a highly intellectual woman with a very sweet nature. I had later the opportunity of making her acquaintance; she was admirable in every respect, and a most remarkable contrast to me. All in her was mildness, prudence, goodness; she possessed that true womanly feeling which adapts itself to every circumstance, suits itself in all to the man beloved—while in me there was a certain something that never *could* submit. "I 'd as soon try to tame a tiger," the Prince used to

laugh, when the wild element in my soul asserted itself, as it did sometimes. I often said to Scheffer's wife after his death: "How well destiny knew, when it prevented our marriage! I know that Scheffer could never have enjoyed that tranquil bliss with me which he had with you."

When Hermann had completed his studies at the *Gymnasium*, his father summoned him to Bayreuth and adopted him, though he already had a son by his marriage. His wife was a second good, loving mother to Hermann, and her son was his friend and brother, so that even to the present day they are most touchingly attached to one another. . . . We were quite at one as to Hermann's career: he was to become an officer—but he remained only a short time in the army, for intercourse with such artists as Possart and Christen, who discovered the germs of a most promising talent in him, attracted him to the stage. In this career he gained countless laurels, and after he had been for many years the darling of the

Berlin public, he very quietly retired in 1911.

And now for my relations with Prince Hohenlohe.

Love was something more to me than pleasure and glamour. It meant, in my eyes, a harmonious union of the most diverse emotions, in which the maternal might not be lacking. I often spoke of this with the Prince, and he shared my ideas. He, too, held love to be imperfect unless the lovers wholly expressed themselves in that complete union which should create a new being to perpetuate their passion.

And one evening the Prince was sitting with me; it was in the July of 1867, and next day he was to go to Nürnberg to receive the Sultan. He was spending the last hours with me.

"I have escaped to you, my Alex," he said, "so as to gather repose for these impending days. My head whirls when I contemplate the 'conversations' with London, Paris, the letters, telegrams in connection with this visit

of the Sultan, and all the official ceremonials. When my spirit longs for rest as it does to-day, I can find it only in your blue eyes, for you alone bring me solace and refreshment."

I took his tired head in my arms, and, with tender words, kissed away the lines in his forehead.

That evening he stayed late in my quiet abode, and next day I received the following letter, alluding to our conversation—

"MUNICH,
"*July*, 1867.

"I will not leave here without telling you that you are a dear, lovely, splendid child. For that wish of yours yesterday is a *young* wish, and it has cheered me through and through. I remain some days at Nürnberg. If you will write to me there, and tell me . . . I shall be *sure* to get the letter.

"Your truest friend."

Soon afterwards I knew that I should become a mother. At last, at last, my long-

cherished wish was to come true—that deep yearning for a little creature that nobody and nothing could wrench from me was to be satisfied. Perfect bliss, realisation of all my secret dreams, was to smile on me again, and knit the Prince and myself still more closely together. Following the advice of my friend, Frau von Eckl, the Prince took me in the spring to Thüringen, where I was to remain until the summer. But unfortunately we hit upon a horrid little place, where all the arrangements were worse than primitive. Although we both suffered severely—I at the thought of spending my troublous time there, he at the idea of leaving me in such surroundings—there was nothing else to be done, and we were obliged to put up with things as they were.

"MUNICH,
"*April* 21, 1868.

"I cannot tell you how painful it is to me to know that my dear sweet Alex is in that uncomfortable place, nor how I count the days until you are emancipated therefrom—and yet

there was nothing else to be done and nothing better to be found. But it is a great defect in our social system that better arrangements are not made for such eventualities.

"I was at your flat to-day, and found Minna,[1] who brought me your letter. It gave me great joy, for in my impatience I had already called several times in vain.

"When I rang at the door some days ago, Minna happened to be out; nobody answered, and I heard somebody coming up the stairs. It was friend Bodenstedt, who told me he had only come to take leave of you, for he was going away. This apology would indicate that he thought it necessary to excuse himself to me—probably so that I might not be jealous about him!

"For the rest, the days go by as usual, and are for me infinitely empty and monotonous, since I have you no longer. I never know what to do with my leisure-hours when I can't spend them with and for you. You are my

[1] My housemaid.

sun, and now that you are gone, the whole world about me seems dark and dreary. How I long to have you with me again.

"What you tell me of your place of abode amazes me every time. I could never have believed that there was anything like it in the universe. How I wish it were not so uncomfortable and horrid! If by any means I can manage it, I will come again before you leave. . . . My child is, thank God! better again.[1] Hearty thanks for your kind sympathy. With warm kisses, your true

"FRIEND."

"The 22nd, Morning.

"Your friend Eckl has just been with me. Really only to pay me a visit and talk about you. What she said pleased me very much, for I can see by it that she is very fond of you and desires your best good. More of this another time. The idea of looking me up is original, but seems in keeping with her character."

[1] One of his sons was ill.

I peruse that letter now again and again—and many incidents of the past that I had thought long since forgotten arise before me, as if they had happened but yesterday! The pleasant evocation of my friend Bodenstedt mitigated the discomforts and disagreeables of my then abode, for Bodenstedt and I had become close allies in the years before he undertook the management of the Meiningen Theatre; and our intercourse was so much the more cordial because we lived opposite one another. He often came up in the evenings, and over the tea-cups we would spend hours in eager intellectual talk. Before my departure from Munich I had written to him, sending him an acrostic for his birthday, and telling him that his picture was exhibited in Munich; only the end of my little chaffing production has remained in my memory: "This is the man, who stands firm on every ground" (*Boden steht* = Bodenstedt).

In answer he wrote to me from Meiningen—

"*March* 9, 1868.

"GRACIOUS LADY!

"It was very sweet of you to remember me so kindly. I seize the first moment to convey my thanks, and to beg you to give me frequently a sign of life from Munich. A lucky chance ordains that an opportunity of forwarding my letter coincides with the receipt of yours. You write me that my picture is exhibited in Munich. Albert had the happy notion of sending me the picture, and in thanking him for it, I enclose these lines for you to his care, for I do not quite know your present address, which I beg you will soon impart to me. In the early summer I hope to see you in person at Munich. The incredible exactions of the season at the theatre make it essential for me to have a little change of air.

"My old headaches still plague me; sometimes I feel as if the pain must split my skull. The winter here yields nothing to Munich in severity. To-day we have had a terrible snowstorm, and now, at four o'clock in the after-

noon, it is so dark that I cannot see the letters I make. So for to-day, with warmest greetings,

"Fr. Fr. von Bodenstedt."

Next, I think of the Prince's postscript; it awakened evil feelings in me, a boundless anger against my friend, Frau von Eckl. Her advice, which had brought me to this abhorrent place, seemed to me sheer treachery; her visit to the Prince during my absence, "just to talk about me," a tactless impertinence. In my enforced loneliness, in my dreary hours, I did nothing but see sinister spectres, and in half hysterical, frantic agitation I poured out in bitter words all the hatred, all the fury of my soul to my kind friend. He, infinitely understanding as ever, forgave me all, tried to excuse each violent word, for he well knew my passionate vehement nature, which he often compared to a fine champagne. And he knew also that my excitement would die down like the foaming wine.

"MUNICH,
"*April* 28, 1868.

"If I did not know that I must make many allowances for you at present, I should believe you had gone crazy, dear sweet Alex!

"Truly you *are* a hot-hearted creature. I am glad of it, for it is fine when a heart beats with warm blood. But still a little reason is often desirable. It is *not* desirable that the world should be able to speak ill of you, and despise you. You can prevent it, and without hurting either yourself or me. Nor is this in any sense hypocritical. There is no reason why the world should know everything. And in the interest of your children it is desirable that you should attach some weight to the world's opinion, even though the Eckl's plans *are* disagreeable for you and for me also.

"But I know that your vehement words will have already evaporated like vapour by the time you receive this letter."

He was right, for by the time I received the letter I had long convinced myself of the good

sense of my friend's plans. My remaining in Munich during that period would only have created unpleasant gossip in society, which must inevitably have cast a shadow on me and my children.

I had designated my "flight"—as I called my necessary absence from Munich—as a piece of hypocrisy; and such "denial" of a purposed action *was* out of harmony with my personal honesty; but I had to admit that the world and my children demanded this recognition of the prevalent morality.

The feeling had only a passing ill effect upon my happiness. The dear little creature—a wonderfully fine boy—to whom I shortly afterwards gave birth, compensated for everything, and was like the radiant sunlight after long waiting. And his father was as happy as I was, when he came to see me. . . . In his love and devotion towards me, he had hurried to my side between two journeys to Berlin within the course of nineteen days—only, as he said, to clasp me, "his lovely Alex," in his

arms, and to welcome his child into the world.

In Berlin, long wearying sessions awaited him; he told me all about his recent political activities, lamenting the tremendous tax they made upon his energy—then, suddenly awaking from a grave reflective mood, he said, "But let us leave politics, and enjoy to the full our short moments of companionship."

The Prince, controlled and tranquil as he could be even in his love, yet tore himself away from me with a heavy heart. Tears were in his eyes when he bent over our child. The almost mournful cast of his real temperament often so betrayed itself.

How happy I was when I was strong enough to leave that abode of pain! My heart sang for joy. All my wishes had indeed come true. The noblest of men loved me, and I possessed the dearest pledge of love—a child—from him. My heart overflowing with bliss, I wrote my first letter to my dear friend, but the words seemed so feeble, so conventional, such ineffectual symbols of the rejoicing that pos-

sessed me—for my soul was murmurous with song, odorous with perfume, all sunlight and heavenly harmony. But no! it was the primitive mother-love that carolled there after all, and I did not, assuredly, find words to express *that* adequately.

"Only a few days now, and I shall take our child into the country, and then be with you again." . . . Such was the ending of my letter.

Before its birth we had decided that I should leave it in the country-region until I could have it with me, and the Prince wrote with reference to this: "I perfectly agree with your plans about the child, but you must be careful to entrust it only to people who inspire you with real confidence. If I can at all manage it, I shall come before you leave."

Soon he asked the Doctor if I might not leave the Home, gave me many instructions for my journey, and impressed upon me the importance of taking all possible precautions; he knew too well my impetuous nature, and how the wildling in me never quite slumbered.

"Your letter," he writes,[1] "has just come. How delighted I was to see your dear handwriting again! The period of your illness was a terrible one for me. The anxiety and uncertainty, and the utter impossibility of going to you. . . . Thank God that you are well again.

"You are right in saying that I *willed* you with all my mind to come through well.

"*Auf Wiedersehen*, dear Alex. Travel most carefully, most slowly. If you are thinking of breaking your journey anywhere, or should be obliged to do so, there is a healthy, quiet place, Reinhardtsbrunn, near Gotha, that I can recommend. I would rather you came here as quickly as possible; but if the expense were a hindrance to you, give me your exact address in any place you stop at, and I shall arrange all that. You need write no more than that you are stopping at such and such a place for some days; I shall write at once and send whatever you need.

"Adieu. I am writing to the Doctor to beg

[1] Undated.

that, on account of certain circumstances already known to him, he will let you go as soon as it is at all possible.

"Your faithful friend."

But Fate was hostile to me—or was I paying for the happiness of my love-life? My poor child did not survive long. In speechless grief I one day stood beside a little white dead body. With it I buried my deepest joys, my sweetest, falsest hopes. For long I was a prey to sullen grief, sunk in almost stupefied brooding, and I had not even my beloved by my side to comfort me. The divine sweetness of his presence would have restored me; but he was at Schillingsfürst, and it was only by much sacrifice of time and energy that he could manage to get across to Munich even for short periods. But then I *had* the joy of having him with me, of hearing his dear voice—until duty dragged him away from me once more.

Even his letters solaced my pain but little,

and my state of mind was such that my letters to him became rare and rarer. Always hitherto we had lived in the same world of thought, even when parted—so close was the contact between us that we often at the same hours wrote the same things to one another. But now I felt scarcely a desire to send him the shortest note.

To avert the worst consequences of this solitary brooding, the Prince took rooms for me in Aussee, so that he might devote all his free time there to me. The more I withdrew into myself, the more did my kind friend bethink himself of me, and the oftener did he write: the following letter shall serve as an example of his loyal devotion—

"Schillingfürst,

"*June* 14, 1868.

"Although you have only just received a letter from me, I can't help writing to you again. I know that you are doubly alone now and have nobody to tell your grief to, and so I want at least to show you that I am with you

in spirit, that I am always thinking of you, and caring for you. I am afraid you are not well, for you do n't write to me, and in your last letter you said, 'More to-morrow.' But I think it is very natural that you should not have the energy to want to write, and I do n't ask you to weary yourself by doing so. If I could only have you herein this solitary tranquillity, and cherish you and amuse you, you would soon be comforted and restored. I hope we shall have satisfactory reports from Aussee about your rooms. To know that you were alone in Munich all the summer would be an unendurable idea for me. And unfortunately I do n't know when I can come. I daily await news of my brother, who is to pay me a visit here. He will stay only a day at the most, and then I shall be off as soon as possible.

"I understand so thoroughly what you must be feeling. For months you have lived on the thought of our child, and you have suffered for it and cherished it—and now all that world of

dreams and hopes is wiped out. Such a thing is hard to bear. The thought of you in pain pursues me all day long, and I count the hours impatiently until I can be with you once more.

"Meanwhile I kiss you in imagination, more lovingly even than usual.

"Your truest friend."

From 1870 to 1874, Prince Hohenlohe stayed only seldom in Munich; he had no fixed abode there, or indeed anywhere, for, as a member of the Reichstag, he had to "live between" Berlin and Munich, while during the summer he was now at Aussee, now at Schillingsfürst.

As we greatly needed one another's companionship and could not live apart for months at a time, I used to stay, as before, at Alt-Aussee in the summer, and in the winter, like the Prince, partly in Munich, partly in Berlin.

Those who have felt, in the *Memoirs*, the sympathetic nature of the Prince, will observe

with astonishment how markedly, as years went by, his lyrical outbursts of intimate joy decreased in frequency; and yet he was living the same spiritual life as in his earlier years. The numerous letters which I received up to the time of his death, would give the world some insight into his inward life from day to day, if, out of reverence for my dear departed friend, I did not hold discretion to be a bounden duty. . . . Once more we had the bliss of parenthood; in 1874 I bore a daughter, whom we named Gisela; she was our last child, our pride, our joy. But she too was weak and ailing. After my sorrowful experience with our first child, I devoted myself from the earliest days to the sweet, gentle little creature; I became wholly and solely the *mother*. And I had my reward in the thriving of our child, in her development into a healthy, handsome girl. Desirous of taking her out of the unhealthy city atmosphere, on the recommendation of Dean Enzler, I sent her to school near Pasing. There, in the country, amid the

woods and fields, my sweet blossom unfolded into exquisite beauty. My daughter became a girl of enchanting loveliness. She was the fairest child of love, blue-eyed, golden-haired, with a clear, radiant face, and repose in all her movements. And how glad it made me to find in her nothing of my stormy Cossack temperament, but her father's cooler, more restrained nature. With delight I saw in her the image of the beloved man, his character expressed and transfigured by her womanhood.

The Prince loved Gisela idolatrously; with ever renewed admiration he would gaze at her lovely little face, which looked out from its golden frame of hair like a pastel of the eighteenth century; and he often said, "When this captivating child rushes to meet me, all joy and welcome, I feel the freshness of my youth return."

Even as a child, Gisela innocently knew her power over her father's heart, and how utterly irresistible were her sweet, laughing desires for him.

"Papa, *la bourse ou la vie!*" the little monkey would cry, and "*La bourse* ET *la vie!*" was the charming answer with which he would catch her in his arms.

At sixteen she left her first school, and we sent her to a French *pension* in Chillon for a year. After her return, my maternal heart was troubled about her future, but the Prince always dispelled my anxiety by reminding me of the prophecy of an old woman: "Your daughter, a fair-haired child of princely blood, shall become the wife of a Prince." Well, if not of a Prince, my lovely Gisela *is* the wife of a man in a very high, very important position, and the relations between me and my children have, to the present day, remained among the most beautiful that can be imagined.

Gisela and I have not ceased to be a great, but a most reconcilable, contrast to one another. Even to-day, when the snow has fallen on my head, my soul is like the open sea, on which float memories of splendid storms, shipwrecks, and sunbeams; while from my

daughter radiates the tranquil sweetness, the beneficent calm, of her father.

If I sit brooding over happy memories and spoilt illusions, and Gisela hears me speak of such things, her blue eyes laugh, and she says: "Incomparable Mamma! You and spoilt illusions? You 're just the same dreamer as ever, stretching out your hands to friends, acquaintances, nay! even enemies, generously alike and with never a thought of self-seeking. '*Tu as toujours tiré les marrons du feu.*'

"If you had n't been the most devoted, self-sacrificing wife to dear Papa, you might perhaps now. . . . But no! just be my youthful Mamma, always ardent for the beautiful and noble ways of thinking. Do you mean to tell *me* that you really belong to our prosaic world, you happy maker of happiness, you giver of all blessings with those eager hands?"

And I clasp my laughing daughter in my arms.

(*g*) Politics and Religion

(*g*) POLITICS AND RELIGION

THE foregoing pages contain only the story of our bond of friendship, of our mutual feelings and experiences; but these would be incomplete if I omitted to speak of the share which I took in the Prince's political life From the very beginning of our acquaintance. Prince Hohenlohe perceived in me what he jestingly called "the diplomatist and statesman."

"You have," he declared, "a keen eye for the drift of affairs. Destiny herself has led me to you, my Alex; *à nous deux, nous arriverons bien à remettre l'Allemagne d'aplomb.*"

I do not know that my diplomatic abilities were not overprized by the Prince . . . but be that as it may, he formed no plan, took no step, held no opinion, about which he did not inform me, or ask my counsel. Indeed, my

children used to say: "Mamma, it was *you* who developed the Prince's ambition—it was *you* who made him climb all the steps of the ladder, up to the Chancellorship of the Empire."

If certain discretions did not prevent me from publishing political letters and documents, the history of many and many an interesting diplomatic *dessous* in the career of the Prince von Hohenlohe, and his relations with Bismarck and other statesmen, might now be disclosed. Possibly the world will say to me: "You have been ready enough to lift the veil from your love-affairs!" But that is a different thing, for I am "giving away" only my own secret. At all events I do not feel disposed to reveal the secrets of State which were entrusted to me. I shall merely give such extracts from the Prince's letters as may display significantly how he permitted me to share in his political interests and diplomatic activities.

The first letter from the Prince to me which

touches on these matters is of February 1864. He had returned from a visit to Schillingsfürst, and had, in the interval, commissioned me to follow the drift of events with attention, and keep him *au courant* with it. It was at the time that the Schleswig-Holstein question was on all lips, and that all eyes were fixed on the little Northern province. . . . Closely related to the *rôle* of Bavaria in the Germano-Danish conflict was the question of the Foreign Ministry and its sphere of influence, for the Schleswig-Holstein Committee regarded the then Minister, Schrenck, as incapable of guiding King Maximilian II aright. As Prince Hohenlohe was an avowed adherent of Duke Friedrich, and very strongly urged the right to inseparable cohesion possessed by the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, all eyes turned to him as the successor of Schrenck. I of course told him of the important point, and silently cherished the hope that by a timely intervention he might become Foreign Minister. But he had a finer insight than I—

with his diplomatic flair, he felt that, despite public opinion, his moment was not yet come.

"Alt-Aussee,
"*February*, 1864.

"I kiss your hands, dear Alex, for your letter sent so punctually one day after my return. Your news is quite correct, I am sure; nevertheless your hopes, and those of many others, will not be fulfilled. I shall not be the saviour of my country.[1] Likewise, the Schleswig-Holstein Committee will not see me at its head. I do not meddle with revolution, and I should equally abhor to seem like a 'peaceful revolutionary,' who slinks off as soon as things turn to grim earnest. When my office and my duty enjoin me to utter my conviction and defend it, I am and shall be ready to speak and to act. Anything else is to me offensive. All this for you alone. I hope soon to talk it over with you, and hear all your news.

"If you could manage to find out—or if you have found out—why the Committee desires

[1] That is, Foreign Minister.

to have me at its head, be good enough to write to me here again.

"Once more hearty thanks for your letter. I shall come between the 7th and 13th.

"Your true friend."

Meanwhile I found out, and told the Prince, that the Committee was doing its utmost, and had taken various steps, to have him at its head. The Prince was known to be an advocate of the inseparability of the two Duchies under their own Duke; he had made no secret of this conviction, but had expressed it publicly as well as privately. Hence it was urgent for the Committee to gain him as leader, or at least as member—for the hope was that through his influence and his known Liberal views, he might prove of material service to the cause; once at the head of the Committee, he would easily become Foreign Minister, and could then powerfully influence the King of Bavaria in favour of Duke Friedrich. We spoke of all this together at his visit in

the beginning of February, before his interview with Bodenstedt and Schrenck.[1] The Prince's diary gives the date as February 18, 1864.[2] "Yesterday I was with Bodenstedt. I *had learnt* that he wished me to enter into the Schleswig-Holstein Association," etc. It was I who had told my friend, for it was *my* fervent wish also to see him take office; but in the many hours that we spent in talking over this subject, he always reiterated his unswerving Liberal convictions and his abhorrence of revolution and revolutionaries. This abhorrence, and the perception that the moment was not favourable for his entrance to the Ministry, were his chief reasons for not joining the Association. As he himself says, he was undoubtedly Liberal, when "office and duty" enjoined him to utter and defend his convictions; I content myself here with emphasising the expressions "office" and "duty," for in my view he was, so to speak, more a "Conser-

[1] Foreign Minister, 1859–64.
[2] *Denkwürdigkeiten*, vol. i., p. 134.

vative" Liberal than a genuine lover of progress. He too greatly dreaded revolution really to support and further that progress in liberty of thought which was then beginning in all German intellectual life. "Progress leads to revolution," he would say; and revolution and uncertainty he described as "fog."

"I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air": he quoted that one day (1 Cor., ix. 26).

The next letters belong to the years 1866 and those immediately following.

"What you have to tell me of political matters greatly interests me; but I see pretty well that you easily forget such things, and, when I am with you, turn to other subjects. Therefore it would be good if, in your leisure time, you were to begin a political diary of your experiences and of the state of opinion in your part of the world. It will be, as it were, one of my documents. . . . Your exquisite bouquet came at the same time as your letter,

so you have lavished all sweetnesses upon me in one short hour, and I am glad that I can soon come to Munich, so as to lay my gratitude at your feet.

"Your circumstantial letter gave me real pleasure. I am very curious to hear still more of what you indicate. I can write no more; my impatience to see you again and the thought that my letter will arrive only a short time before I do myself, makes me incapable of it.

"Your true friend."

"AUSSEE,
"*October* 16.

"I returned here only yesterday after several days' hunting. Your letters were brought to me on the Alm. So it was there that I read the latest news sent to me by you, and I most heartily thank you for your conscientious work as my political agent. Thank you, too, for the beautiful grapes, whose receipt really shamed me. They were greeted with general approval. But as to the Ministry, that 's all

up. From to-day's news, it appears that I have no prospect of it—I well knew this and am in no way troubled by it. So much the better that such talk is at an end, for now I shall be able to spend next summer quietly here. I have been through terrible snow-storms on the mountain-ranges, was colder than I have ever been in my life and have suffered in no way from it—but have come back with a whole skin, and so have all the others, which really surprises me.

"I will close now, so that you may have a word from me at last.

"Your true friend."

In another letter from Schillingsfürst (November 1866) he says:

"The Ministerial crisis is not yet over, but it would seem that we are to get a *humpbacked* Minister of Foreign Affairs! I shall not be able to write to you for the next few days. I am expecting a number of guests. Before long, in the first half of December, I shall come to Munich, though possibly not alone.

"Write me soon a good long letter; I badly want your consolations.

"As always, your true friend."

Three questions are connected with the foregoing extracts.

1. The political tendencies of the Prince.

2. The Ministerial crisis in 1866, and his appointment as Foreign Minister, as Chamberlain, and as President of the Council (December 31, 1866).

3. My political mission.

The political work and tendencies of Prince von Hohenlohe are so well known that I shall but touch upon them here in their relation to these questions. His aim, during the German crisis of 1864–66, was to bring about an understanding tending to an alliance with Prussia, and the establishment of a dignified position for Bavaria in South Germany. In this matter he had to contend against the majority in Bavaria no less than against most of the petty German sovereigns, who would not hear

of any sort of understanding or *entente* with Prussia. But ere long public opinion in Bavaria took such a sudden turn that the Prince, on August 31, 1866, expressed his amazement thereat in the Chamber of Representatives. He declared that in that opinion there displayed itself, with regard to the German question, so arresting a change as he had never before witnessed in his political life.[1] He spoke these words on the occasion of the debate upon the draft of a bill regarding the war-indemnity which, in 1866, Bavaria was called upon to pay to Prussia.

When the Diet was summoned to deliberate upon the treaty of peace, and the Chamber of Representatives accepted the motion, begging the Government to further the junction with Prussia and a German parliament, the Prince again spoke, and plainly declared his German predilections. But neither the Court and the Ministry (who saw in this scheme a humiliation (*Mediatisierung*) of Bavaria), nor

[1] *Denkwürdigkeiten*, vol. i., 171.

Hohenlohe's opponents, the Ultramontane party, were of his way of thinking, so that his prospects of office were much injured by his speech. The intrigues of the Ministers, particularly Neumayr's,[1] confirmed the Prince in the belief that he would not obtain office at the next crisis. The Ministers had purposely isolated the King, in order to make themselves complete masters of the situation—and so they were, as Hohenlohe had rightly foreseen, until Schanzenbach[2] laid the position of affairs clearly before King Ludwig. Then the King expressed the desire to put Hohenlohe in Pfordten's[3] place. But at once intrigues began on every side.

The decision seemed chiefly to rest with Neumayr, whom the King had consulted when he resolved to make changes in the Cabinet.

"Whether I shall enter the Ministry," said the Prince to me, "depends upon whether Neumayr considers it to his advantage or not;

[1] Minister of the Interior, or "Home Secretary."
[2] An eminent physician in Munich.
[3] Foreign Minister.

should he not, we shall have a 'humpbacked' Foreign Minister."

Despite the gravity of the subject, his phrase made me burst out laughing. I saw in my mind's eye a little humpbacked gnome, peeping out under the burden of a gigantic globe.

"Whom do you mean by the humpbacked hero?"

"Oh, any of the nullities of Bavarian diplomacy . . . our good friend Bray,[1] for example."

Despite his doubts, the Prince's prospects were more favourable than his view of them, and my prophecies were quickly to be fulfilled. When he returned in December from a visit to Vienna, I had very good news for him. From different sources I had gathered that the situation was materially altered, that in fact the King had ordained that Pfordten's resignation should be accepted, and that the Chamber should decisively pronounce in fav-

[1] The Ambassador in Vienna.

our of Prince Hohenlohe. Intrigues against him would henceforth prove fruitless, for King Ludwig was to leave Munich with Lutz, and the latter did not intend to agitate against Hohenlohe.

Late in the evening of December 31, 1866, the Prince came hurrying to me; I was awaiting him with my faithful old Babette. . . .

"I am—*it*," he said, and then caught me in his arms.

The reproach he made me in one of his letters is sufficient proof that the Eternal Feminine in me was stronger than the diplomatist and "political agent." Though I conscientiously played my part as fellow-worker, and was repeatedly thanked for my counsel and information, my soul was yet too womanly to put politics in the first place. When, after a separation, we found ourselves cosily sitting together, I often forgot the serious business side; suddenly there would awake in me the roguish element. I would turn to a loving

tender woman—and then good-bye to politics! I would chaff and laugh, and look into the deep blue eyes of my dear friend until he too forgot all else, and lived only in the beautiful present.

In 1866, Prince von Hohenlohe entrusted me, with Bismarck's consent, or rather by his suggestion, with a political mission in Vienna. I was acquainted with O——, formerly editor of the *Allgemeiner Zeitung* at Augsburg; he had been nominated member of the official council in Vienna under Beust. My mission was to offer O—— the Bavarian Home Office under certain conditions, which discretion forbids me to disclose. O—— neither could nor would accept the conditions, as they were shown to him; he did make some concessions, which were, however, insufficient to satisfy me. . . . Feminine intuition helped me more on this occasion than any diplomatic tricks; nevertheless, I must not omit to add that I exposed my life to some danger. I left Vienna secretly and fled to Salzburg to the U——s, who most

kindly sheltered me until I had imparted the result of my mission to the Prince. All developed quickly in the desired direction, and so well that Bismarck expressed to me his cordial personal thanks. He visited me once or twice with Prince Hohenlohe; so did the Duke von Ratibor in circumstances which I cannot make public without betraying the Prince's confidence.

It is to this episode in Vienna that my friend's reproach on the score of my forgetfulness, and his desire that I should keep a sort of political memoir of my information and experiences, refer. Following his counsel, I thenceforth kept a diary which I laid before the Prince at each of his visits. Nothing was forgotten; and then the Eternal Feminine of my real nature could give itself wholly up to the joy of being together, and obliterate the furrows of thought from the beloved's brow by caresses and laughing words.

Prince von Hohenlohe was not destined to remain over long at the Foreign Office; his

out-spoken Prussian tendencies gradually brought him into conflict with his colleagues, and this led to his resignation. So early as 1869, he had an interview with King Ludwig regarding the conclusion of an alliance with Prussia. At that time, he remarked that the other Ministers were opposed to such an alliance, to which the King wisely replied that the other Ministers had nothing to say to it, since he—Hohenlohe—was in charge of Foreign Affairs. At the ensuing presidential election in the Chamber of Deputies, the Ultramontane party was victorious, and in the next Cabinet meeting opinions were divided on the question of a partial or complete resignation of the Ministry. On this occasion, Schlörr, Minister of the Interior, sought to attribute to the Prince the blame for this crisis, and thus to stir up the other Ministers against him.

In these circumstances, the Prince could no longer act with Schlörr, and therefore sent in his resignation in February 1870. King Ludwig very reluctantly accepted it.

The outbreak of war in 1870 nearly restored Prince Hohenlohe to the head of the Ministry; for at a confidential sitting of the Chamber of Representatives it was resolved, in case of such an outbreak, to ask for an extraordinary credit. Moreover the Government would (as the War Minister said after the sitting) find the Prince very necessary to them when the treaty of peace was in the making, and Bismarck was to be handled. For the present, however, Prince Hohenlohe desired to keep aloof from the Ministry as far as might be, for in so critical a moment he would have been very reluctant to undertake the Foreign Office.

The course of events after the war went just as the Prince had predicted. His colleagues, and especially Schlörr, who had driven him from the Ministry, appealed to him for aid when they saw that in the discussion of the German Constitution Bavaria was regarded as an integral part of the future kingdom. No determined step from King Ludwig was to be hoped for; he would agree to anything so long

as they left him in peace; and indeed, Prince von Hohenlohe saw that at that moment nothing could be done, and that Bismarck was not likely to alter his purpose for the sake of *his "beaux yeux,"* or merely to be agreeable to him. Yet, in a conversation of June 23, 1869, Bismarck had assured the Prince that Prussia had no idea of attacking the independence of Bavaria, and that in case of war with France he would gladly accept any form of alliance with Bavaria. South Germany need have no apprehensions about her independence, for Prussia, after her aid in the war, would never be so base as to impose upon a comrade conditions which were unacceptable.[1]

The following letters contain the Prince's opinions upon the political news then current. True philosopher that he was, he found the only distraction then possible: he studied the history of philosophy with his daughter Stephanie, and took full advantage of the rest at Schillingsfürst.

[1] *Denkwürdigkeiten*, i., 377 *et seq.*

"November 10, 1870.

"I am glad, dear Alex, to learn by your letter received to-day that you are better again, if not yet quite well. I thank you very much for it, and am touched by your having written to me despite the pain in your arm. I always thought that things would go as they have gone at Versailles. How can we expect considerate treatment when the King holds quite aloof? Schlörr's idea—just like him!—of calling me to the rescue is prodigious. *Now* these gentry, who were so confident, are going to see how they can manage Bismarck all by themselves. For that matter, he would not have made any concessions for the sake of *my beaux yeux*. But this conviction (I say it to set your mind at rest) I shall not openly express. Only—if I *did* remind Bismarck of an interview two years ago, he would be bound to feel ashamed of himself.

"I am still here, for I cannot abjure so soon the quiet time that I still may enjoy with Stephanie; I can tell her so much that may be

of use to her, and thus make up for the three years that I have neglected. My *real* line is teaching; for I perceive that I can quite easily make clear to young people the most puzzling things, and stamp them on the memory. Just now we are busy with the history of philosophy! But I shall not be able to remain here very long. I hope I shall find you quite restored to health. Once more I end with '*Auf Wiederseh'n!*'—even though not so soon as I should wish, and I kiss you in imagination.

"Your true friend."

In his long political career Prince von Hohenlohe had but one aim, and that he declared so early as 1848: the Unity of Germany. He was the first to uphold this conception, and that at a time when nobody saw the least prospect of its realisation. After the Peace, he felt some secret regret that Bavaria had lost hold of many of her rights, but he was too "German" in tendency not to sanction Bismarck's action. "At Versailles," he said

to me, "*I* should never have got so far. I am too old a courtier to put the pistol to the King of Bavaria's head; there is no doubt that the whole business required an iron hand like Bismarck's."

In the years 1870–74, when Prince von Hohenlohe was Ambassador at Paris, later Lord-Lieutenant (*Statthalter*) at Strassburg, and finally Chancellor of the Empire at Berlin, I remained his trusted ally; and when he went to Strassburg he wished (for he thought he should not again need to change his place of abode) to have me in his close proximity. We corresponded on this subject for a long time, but in consideration of my maternal duties I found myself unable to resolve upon the step. On September 23, 1879, he telegraphed to me: "I arrive Munich to-morrow morning. Hohenlohe." This was further to discuss the matter. It cost me an infinite struggle to refuse his desire; but though life without my truest friend had lost half its charm, circumstances forced me to adhere to my resolution.

Once the Prince had definitely left Munich, I divided my time between that city and the different places where he happened to be. Nothing—no distance, no lapse of time—decreased our mutual love and friendship. Always, no matter how overburdened with work and correspondence, he found a leisure moment for me.

"November 18, 1879.

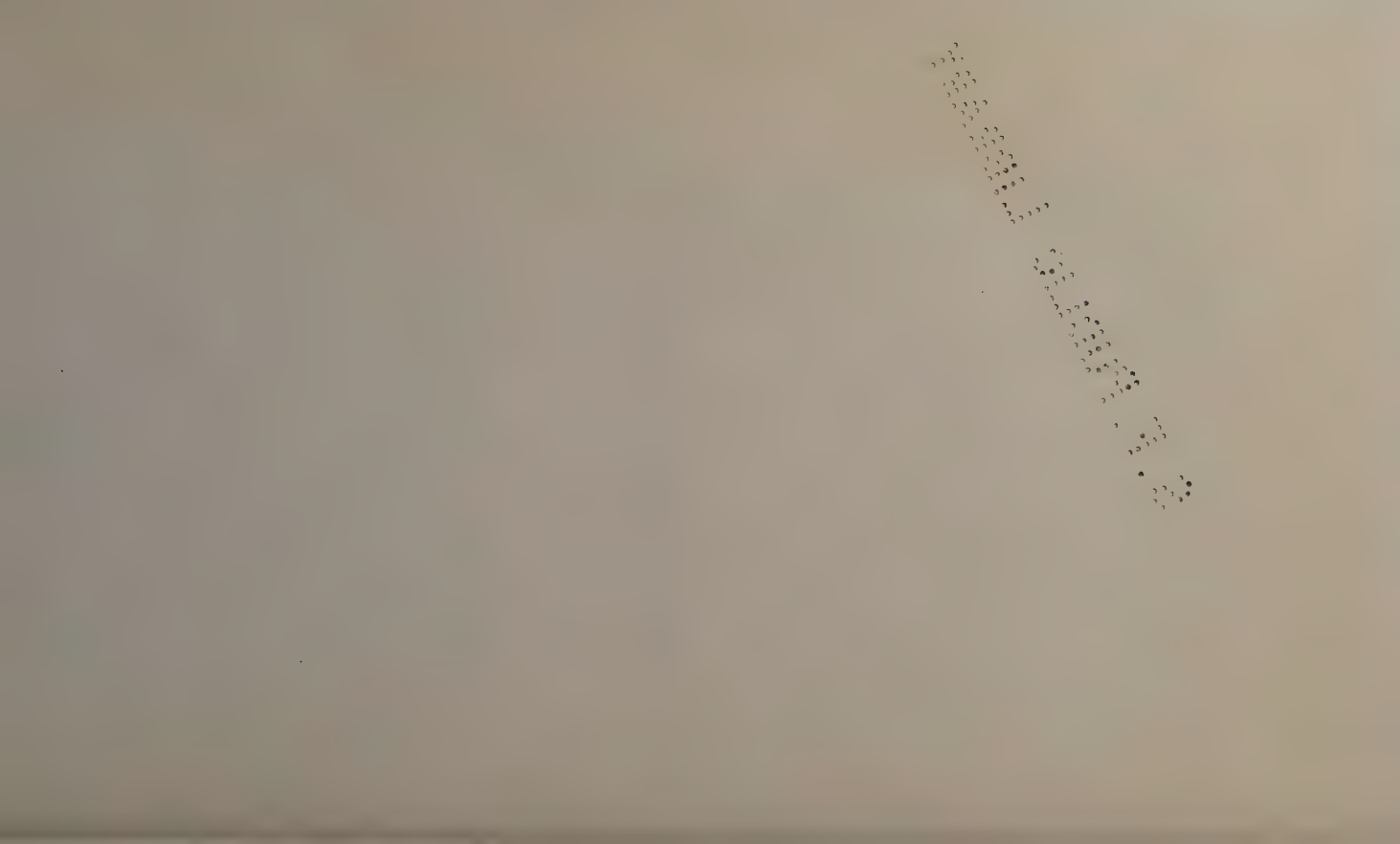
"As this is the tenth letter I am now sending to the post, you must look upon it as only a small payment-on-account for your letter to-day, dear Alex. But though I 'm positively stupid with writing, I cannot refrain from sending these lines—mere incoherent words, imperfect representations of my soul. They are only to say that your letter has made me happy, and that I kiss you in the mood that it has wakened.

"More very soon."

I cannot enlarge upon the Prince's diplomatic work from 1870 without a breach of con-

fidence; so that I shall now give some indications of our religious ideas. The year 1874 was a memorable one for me; it saw a great change in my life—I embraced Catholicism. The Catholic Church, with its grandiose ceremonies and rites, which so closely border on mysticism, had always had a deep effect on my imagination; it was much more akin to my feeling than the reasoned, but austere, tenets of Protestantism. The thought of "going over" had long nestled in my heart; and an accidental circumstance decided me. I was spending the summer of 1872 with my children in Planek, when the illness of my old cook, who had remained in Munich, summoned me back to the city. She had been attacked with cholera; nevertheless, I nursed the faithful creature until death took her from my care. On my return to Planek, I sickened that very night with the same terrible disease, and lying half-delirious on my bed, I felt my Hermann throw himself down beside me, and weep: "Take me too—take me; I cannot live without

THE LAST PORTRAIT OF THE BARONESS VON HEDEMANN



you." After the Doctor had admitted that he feared I should not survive the night, the Pastor was sent for. "Come then, Lord Jesus, for the evening-tide draws nigh," I heard him say. . . . When I recovered consciousness again, Dean Enzler, my Gisela's guardian, was standing by the bed. "Do you vow, in this sacred hour, to embrace the Catholic faith, if our Lord Jesus restores you to life?"

And I vowed it.

Soon an improvement was visible, and Enzler was able to send the good news to the Prince.

"You restore me to *my* life," was what my friend's telegram said.

But two years went by before I made up my mind to the great step. I applied to Dean Mayer to obtain my withdrawal from the Protestant Church. After the formality, I went to Salzburg to my friends the U——s, who recommended me to Cardinal von Tarnosci.

In the Chapel of St. Hubert, the Prince von Hohenlohe being present (he came to Salz-

burg for the ceremony), I made my profession of faith. I then returned to Munich with a letter of introduction to Canon Obercamp, who, despite his stern character, was my confessor for twenty years, and exercised so powerful an influence upon me that at last one of my circle ventured to say: "It passes my comprehension how that Jesuit has contrived to make you—*you*, the born *intransigeante*—into his creature!"

I myself am unable to explain his power over me, yet it was so great that he actually kept me back from taking the most important step of my whole life. It happened in this way.

After the death of the Princess (1897) Prince von Hohenlohe's melancholy much increased; he had never before so realised his age and the approaching end as in the moment when he suddenly saw himself alone with his memories of the happy life that had gone by. His eightieth birthday (March 31, 1899) was celebrated amid such sad musings—on that day the whole work of his life appeared to him

a poor thing. True, he had (as he says in his *Memoirs*)[1] worked loyally as a pioneer of German unity—"but I had no opportunity," he adds, "for doing anything really notable, and when I was called to the greatest position in Germany, the whole thing was accomplished and all I had to do was to keep in working-order what had been already planned."

In such a mood, at the great age of eighty, did Prince von Hohenlohe declare his wish to have me, his faithful friend, for the companion of his declining years—despite the opposition of his children and the hindrances which awaited any move towards union with a woman not of princely blood. But my father-confessor restrained me from the step. . . . There was another obstacle besides—a solemn promise between me and the Prince's surviving family; this hung like a threatening sword over my head. . . . I felt myself compelled to refuse my poor friend his last request. My heart all but broke, when I stood to hear from

[1] Vol. ii., p. 535.

his lips this unjust reproach, and could not defend myself: "If you won't share the last days of my life with me, let us break *now*, once and for all."

Those last despairing words of the Prince sounded pitilessly in my ears, as I left him sitting, broken and crushed, in his great chair in the study. Black specks whirled before my eyes. More than thirty years of my life had I dedicated to this man, with all my heart and soul I had served him—and at the end *those* were the words I had to hear. In that moment I forgot everything—love, friendship, motherhood. . . . Almost crazy, I went from the Wilhelmstrasse to the river, and threw myself without a moment's hesitation over the bridge.

I was rescued—and came back to consciousness in the hospital. For three days the Prince and my son Hermann sought me, before they found me thus. But my health was so shattered by the terrible agitation I had undergone that the Prince insisted on sending me

to Nervi. I went to the Côte d'Azur, and returned in August 1900, to Berlin—strong again to share my friend's joys and sorrows.

But what awaited me? I found my poor friend much changed; asthma and deafness had joined themselves to the other distresses of old age that plagued him; his condition caused me many chill, uneasy hours, and I dispatched to him a physician whom I knew and liked, Dr. Schädelbauer from Tyrol. He advised the Prince to resign at once and take a complete rest; the Prince obeyed him, laid down the burden of office, and left Berlin.

Of late, whenever Prince von Hohenlohe could find leisure to think his own thoughts, his mind had concentrated itself upon the ideas of religion, eternity, and death. He was not a fanatic—no! but he was a believer all through his life. . . . I shall take the opportunity here to state briefly, but publicly and most decidedly—despite the fact that Princess Amalie, his sister, has denied it in the *Ger-*

mania—that Prince von Hohenlohe confessed a year before his death.

Since the year 1857, when he communicated at Rome in the Pope's private chapel, the Prince had not been to confession. Despite the religious meditation to which he was growing more and more addicted, he would perhaps have continued in this course if I had not sent to him at Berlin a famous and much beloved Father. . . . On all sides I was reproached for this. August Sch——, who had been a priest, and who had to thank *me* for his post with the Prince, came to me furiously: "You have injured the Prince's prestige, Frau Baronin, for he should have left the world as he lived and fought in it—a Liberal."

In the summer of 1901 the Prince did not feel well. He visited his dentist at Paris, and I accompanied him to Karlsruhe, where I awaited his return. Later he went to his son at Kolmar, and then to Ragatz to recuperate.

"I shall write to you directly I arrive," he said to me at parting; and I did receive a letter

in which he said he felt better. But soon afterwards a second came, with less reassuring tidings.

On July 6, I came back from a little excursion, gay and unsuspecting, with a great bunch of flowers. My Gisa met me, sobbing. . . . She had seen her father's sudden death announced on the newspaper placards.

I tried to alleviate my measureless grief by travelling, and joined a Tyrolean pilgrimage to Jerusalem. I had long intended to visit the Holy Land again, and before his death the Prince had given me several notes for the journey, and had thought of everything for me. This second trip to Palestine made an ineffaceable impression upon me. The first time I had seen Jerusalem with quite other eyes, in an Hellenic spirit; but now I beheld it with deeply religious emotion. I described my impressions and memories in letters to my children; the tour was glorious; and yet I returned to Munich more lonely and inconsol-

able than before. Never had I felt myself so forsaken and solitary. My children were married; Munich seemed empty and barren, and I resolved to retire to Bruck.

Thenceforth my life arranged itself quite differently. I spent it between doing social work, intercourse with a few friends, and my children, whom I still visit alternately. They surround me with infinite affection, and see in me, besides the mother, a good friend, to whom they can confide their griefs and joys, and who is ever ready to point them from the shadowed side of life.

I have as yet mentioned only, among my children, Hermann and Gisa. I must add that my eldest son Egon, by my marriage with Herr Erzberger, has an illustrious career as an artist behind him, and that my daughter Claire by the same marriage lives in Augsburg as the happy wife of the Government Director (*Regierungsdirektor*) H——, who enjoyed the particular friendship of the Prince.

For the last year I have been living in a chapter-house (*Stift*), after having divided my worldly treasures and possessions among my children and friends. I dwell among happy memories, which outshine the sad ones! My life was rich in joy and sorrow, and to-day I want for nothing that existence can offer to a mother.

My past lies like a dream behind me—like a tale in which the Good Fairy made desires which seemed impossible come true.

THE END